

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1612.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

PRICE
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BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCE-
MENT of SCIENCE.—The NEXT MEETING will be held at LEEDS, commencing on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1858, under the Presidency of RICHARD OWEN, M.D., F.R.S.

The Reception Room will be in the Town Hall.

NOTICES of Communications intended to be read at the Association, or received by the Secretary, whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, Magdalene Bridge, Oxford; or to the Rev. Thomas Hincks, Thomas Wilson Esq., and W. Sykes Ward, Esq., Local Secretaries, Leeds.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.

6, Queen-street-place,
Upper Thames-street, London.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION, 1858. LEADS MEETING.

The NEXT MEETING of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will commence at LEADS on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd, and terminate on WEDNESDAY, the 29th September.

The First General Meeting will be held in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, September 2nd, at half-past Eight, p.m., when the Rev. HUMPHREY DODD, M.D., F.R.S. &c., will resign the Chair, and Professor OWEN, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. &c., will deliver an Address as President elect.

On Thursday Evening, September 3rd, there will be a Convocation in the Town Hall, commencing at Half-past Eight o'clock.

On Friday Evening, September 4th, there will be a Convocation in the Town Hall, PROFESSOR PHILLIPS will deliver a DISCOURSE on the Ironstone of Cleveland.

On Monday Evening, September 7th, at Half-past Eight o'clock, in the Town Hall, the President (PROFESSOR OWEN) will deliver a Lecture on the Geology of the Coal-fields.

On Tuesday Evening, September 8th, there will be a Convocation in the Town Hall, commencing at Half-past Eight o'clock.

The Concluding General Meeting will take place in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, September 29, at Three, p.m., The Proceedings of the General Committee, and the Grants of Money sanctioned by it, will then be stated.

Programmes and all information respecting the Meeting may be obtained by application to the Local Secretaries, No. 1, Russell-street, Park-row.

THOMAS HINCKS, 7, Local
W. S. WARD, Esq., Secretaries.
THOMAS WILSON, Esq.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PRO-
SPECTUS for the Academic Year, commencing October
1, 1858 (containing information about the several Departments of
Theology, General Literature, Medicine, Applied Sciences, and
Military Science, the School and the Evening Classes), is now ready,
and will be sent on application to J. W. CUNNINGHAM,
Esq., King's College, London, W.C.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

MICROLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—PROF. TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a COURSE OF LECTURES on MICROLOGY, with a View to facilitate the Study of GEOLOGY, and of the Application of Mineral Substances in the ARTS. The Lectures will be illustrated by an extensive Collection of Specimens, and will begin on FRIDAY, October 6th, at Nine o'clock, a.m. They will be continued each succeeding Wednesday and Friday, at the same hour. Fee 2s. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**GOVERNMENT SCHOOL of MINES, and
of SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS.**

Director.

SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, D.C.L.
M.A., F.R.S. &c.

During the SESSION 1858-59, which will COMMENCE on the 4th of OCTOBER, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D., F.R.S. &c.
2. Metallurgy. By M. D. F. R. S. &c.
3. Natural History. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. By Warington W. Smyth, M.A. F.R.S.
5. Mining. By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
6. Geology. By G. E. Stokoe, M.A. F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics. By Prof. Williss, M.A. F.R.S.
8. Physics. By G. G. Stokes, M.A. F.R.S.
- Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Mr. Binns.

The fee for Matriculated Students (exclusive of the Laboratories) is 30s. in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 20s.

Fees are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratories of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, at a fee of 10s. for the term of three months. The same fee is charged in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Foy. Tickets to separate courses of Lectures are issued at 1s. 6d. each. Persons in the service of the East India Company's service, Her Majesty's Consuls, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain tickets at reduced charges.

Certified Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

Holiday tickets are granted two Exhibitions, and others have also been established.

For a prospectus and information apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, London.

TRENTHAM REEKS, Registrar.

THE SCHOOL of ART at SOUTH KENSINGTON, and in the following METROPOLITAN DISTRICTS, will RE-OPEN for the Session of Five Months, on FRIDAY, the 18th October.

1. Spitalfields—Crispin-street.
2. Finsbury—William-street, Wilmington-square.
3. St. Thomas—Charterhouse, Goswell-street.
4. Rotherhithe—Grammar School, Deptford-road.
5. St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Cannon-street, Long-acre.
6. Lambeth—St. Mary's, Prince's-road.
7. Hamptead—Dispensary Building.
8. St. George's-in-the-East—Cannon-street-road.

At South Kensington, 27, Gower-street, Bedford-square, Spital-fields, Finsbury, and Charterhouse, there are Female Classes. For prospectuses, terms, &c. apply to the respective Schools.

By order of the
Committee of Council on Education.

**PRACTICAL and ANALYTICAL CHE-
MISTRY.—BIRKBECK LABORATORY, UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE, LONDON.—Prof. ALEXANDER W. WILLIAM-
SON, F.R.S., by arrangement with Assistants.**

Practical Instruction in Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis, and the Methods of Preparation of Organic Research. This Course qualifies the Student for the application of Chemistry to Agriculture, Medicine, and the Manufacturing Arts.

Arrangements have been made for giving Practical Instruction in Analytical Chemistry. The Laboratory is open daily from 1st October to the end of July, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. except on Saturdays, when it is closed at Two o'clock.

Students occupy themselves with subjects of their own choice, under sanction of the Professor, to whom they are assisted with advice, and advised. Gold and Silver Medals as Rewards of Merit for this class are given by the Council.

Fees: Session, 20s. £; six months, 18s.; three months, 16s.; one month, 4s. 4d.

Prospects with full details may be had at the office of the Council.

Course of General Chemistry—Prof. Williamson's Lectures are daily at Eleven, a.m., from 1st October to 31st March.

Fee for Perpetual Admission, £1.; whole term, 6s.; half term, 3s.

THOMAS L. DONALDSON, M.I.B.A., Ph.D., Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws, and
A. W. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S., Dean of the Faculty of
Medicine.

CHAR. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

September, 1858.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.— FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS.—Session 1858-1859.—The SESSION will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, October 13, when Professor MALIBRANCHE, LL.D., will deliver an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE at Three o'clock precisely.

CLASSES.

Latin—Professor Newman.

Greek—Professor Malden, A.M.

Sanscrit—Professor Goldstucker.

Hebrew—Professor Marks.

Arabic and Persian—Professor Rieu, Ph.D.

Hindoo and Teloo—Professor Dowson.

Chinese—Professor Sun Yat-sen.

Gujarati—Professor Dadabhai Naoroji.

English Language and Literature—Professor Mason, A.M.

French Language and Literature—Professor Merlet.

German Language and Literature—Professor Heimann, Ph.D.

Mathematics—Professor De Morgan.

Natural Philosophy and Astronomy—Professor Potter, A.M.

Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.

Physics—Professor Prout, F.R.S.

Civil Engineering—Professor Harman H. Lewis, A.M.

Mineralogy—Professor Knott, F.R.S.

Engineering—Professor Eaton Hodkinson, F.R.S.

Architecture—Professor Donaldson, Ph.D. M.I.B.A.

Geography—Professor Morris, F.G.S.

Drawing—Teacher, Mr. Moore.

Botany—Professor Lindley, Ph.D. F.R.S.

Zoology (Recent and Fossil)—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.

Philosophy of Mind and Logic—Professor the Rev. J. Hoppus, Ph.D. F.R.S.

Ancient and Modern History—Professor Creasy, A.M.

Political Economy—Professor Waley, A.M.

Law—Professor Russell, LL.B.

Jurisprudence—Professor Green, LL.B.

Scholarships—Classes—Professors Newman, Malden, De Morgan, and Potter.

Residence of Students—Several of the Professors receive Students to reside with them, and in the Office of the College there is kept a register of parties who receive boarders into their families.

To Register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

Andrews Scholarships.—Two Andrews Scholarships, one of 100s. and two of 60s., will be awarded in October, 1858, and three, one of 100s. and two of 60s., in October, 1859, to promote in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Persian. Candidates must be matriculated students in the College or pupils in the School.

A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Jurisprudence, of 20s. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December of each year.

A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Political Economy, of 20s. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December of every third year afterwards. A J. Joseph Hume Scholarship in Political Economy, of 20s. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December of every third year afterwards. A Ricardo Scholarship in Political Economy, of 20s. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December of every third year afterwards. A Ricardo Scholarship in Political Economy, of 20s. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December of every third year afterwards.

Candidates must have been, during the academic year immediately preceding, matriculated students of the College, and must produce satisfactory evidence of having regularly attended the classes of the members of the same.

Mr. Lawrence's Prize for Essays, for 1858.

Mr. George Knott's Prize for an Astronomical Essay, 10s. will be awarded in October, 1858.

College Prize for English Essay, £1. for 1859.

Prizes and full scholarships may be obtained at the Office of the College, also special Prizes, showing the courses of instruction in the College in the subjects of the examinations for the Civil and Military Services.

THOMAS L. DONALDSON, M.I.B.A., Ph.D.,

Dean of the Faculty.

CHAR. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August, 1858.

The Session of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on Friday, the 1st of October.

The Junior School will Open on Tuesday, the 1st of September.

THE UNIVERSITY HALL, Gordon-square, London.—This Institution will RE-OPEN in October next, under the superintendence of the Principal, W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S. F.G.S. &c., for the reception of Students at University College during the Academic Year, 1858-59. Information respecting the arrangements of the Hall, terms of residence, &c. may be obtained on application to the Hall, or by letter addressed to the Principal.

F. MANNING NEEDHAM, Hon. Sec.

August, 1858.

THE GOVERNESSSES' INSTITUTION, 34,

Soho-square.—Mrs. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility and Gentry, and the public generally, to her well-known and highly-recommended INSTITUTION FOR GOVERNESSSES, TEACHERS, COMPANIONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS. School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MDLE. PICCOLOMINI'S FAREWELL to ENGLAND.—The FAREWELL CONCERT of this popular Artist will take place on TUESDAY, the 28th September (the day before her sailing for America), when she will give a short MISCELLANEOUS Concert, comprising the principal features of her repertoire. The Concert will also be supported by SIGNOR GIUGLINI, and other Artists from Her Majesty's Theatre.

Doors open at 10. Concert to commence at 3.

Admission, by Season Tickets, or by Day Tickets if purchased on or before the 27th instant, Half-a-crown: by payment on the day of performance, Five Shillings. Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown extra.

Plans of Seats now ready at the Crystal Palace, and at 2, Exeter

Hall, where, as well as at the usual Agents, Tickets may be had.

Information of Excursion Trains from various parts of the Country may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Crystal Palace.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PICTURE GALLERY.

The GREAT PICTURE by JAMES WARD, R.A., considered by the most eminent connoisseurs to be one of the celebrated Paul Potter Bull, and which excited great interest at the Art-Passer Exhibition, Manchester, is NOW ON VIEW in the New Gallery. Above 200 important Ancient and Modern Pictures have lately been added to the Collection now formed in the New Gallery within the Building.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, adjoining the Picture Gallery, is NOW OPEN, and contains several hundred first-class specimens.

Applications for space for the Exhibition of sterling Works to be addressed to the Secretary.

RAY SOCIETY.—The FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING will be held during the Meeting of the British Association, at Liverpool, on WEDNESDAY, October 13, when the CHAIR will be taken by the President.

Prof. ALLMEN'S Work on the BRITISH FRESHWATER POLYOZOA, with coloured Drawings of all the Species; and Prof. W. WILLIAMSON's Work on the BRITISH FORAMINIFERA, with Drawings of all the Species, are ready for delivery to Subscribers for 1858 and 1859. Prof. HUXLEY'S Work on the OCÉANIC HYDROZOA ('A', with numerous Plates), will be delivered to Subscribers for 1858.

Subscription One Guinea annually.

Subscribers from the beginning can still be supplied with ALDER and HANCOCK'S Work on the NUDIBRANCHIA MOLLUSCA.

By order of the Council, EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., Secretary.

8, Savile-row, W.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BELFAST.

THE COLLEGE SESSION for 1858-59 will begin on TUESDAY, the 19th of October, when the Examinations will commence.

The COLLEGE LECTURES in the Faculties of Arts and Medicine, and in the Divisions of Engineering, Law, and Agriculture, will begin on November 1st; the LAW Lectures on December 1st.

Fifty-five Junior and Senior Scholarships, varying in value from £1. to £40., are awarded by annual examination in the several departments.

Special Courses have been arranged for Students intending to become Candidates for Commissions in the Royal Artillery and Engineers, and for appointments to the Civil Service of India, and the Civil Service of Great Britain and Ireland.

Information of the amount of the Scholarships and of the study to be pursued by Candidates for Degrees and Diplomas in the Queen's University in Ireland, will be found in the Belfast Queen's College Calendar for 1858, or may be had, on application, from the Registrar.

By order of the Registrar, RICHARD OULTON, Registrar.

Queen's College, Belfast, Sept. 1858.

LADIES' COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM, for the DAUGHTERS OF NOBLEMEN*.

GENTLEMEN.

President—The Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle.

Vice-President—Rev. H. W. Bellairs, M.A., H.M. Inspector of Schools.

Council.

The Rev. W. D. Dobson, Principal of Cheltenham College.

S. E. COVYN, Esq., F.R.S.

W. BACON, Esq., Registrar.

N. HARTLAND, Esq., Treasurer.

J. PENRICE BELL, Esq., Hon. Sec.

Lady Principal—Miss Beale.

The regular Course comprises the usual Branches of a superior Education, with German, French, Drawing, Calisthenics, Chess, Singing and Music.

Terms, from £2 to £4 Guineas per annum, depending upon age and attainments.

The Professors attached to the Institution are of established repute, and the staff of Teachers is simple and efficient.

Each Pupil must be boarded by a Proprietor, and accepted by the Council previous to admission.

A detached Boarding-house for Pupils not resident in Cheltenham, is conducted by Mrs and Miss Ferri, under the Supervision of the Council and Lady Principal.

The Hall, is conducted by Mr and Miss Ferri, under the Supervision of the Council and Lady Principal.

Further information may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary or the Lady Principal, Cheltenham House.

MISS ANNA BIRCH has the honour to announce that she will RE-OPEN HER CLASSES

in DANCING, DEPARTMENT, and EXERCISES, on Tuesday evenings, in BAKER-STREET, on the 1st of October, 1858.

Half-past Ten o'clock, commencing on THE 1st of October, 1858.

Schools attended in and out of Town.

31, Baker-street, Portman-square.

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NEWSPAPER

**MEETING of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION
in LEEDS.**
WELLINGTON HALL, WEST BARR, in connexion with the
SCARBO' HOTEL.

During the above Meeting, the Wellington Hall, capable of seating six hundred persons, will be OPENED as a PUBLIC REFRESHMENT ROOM.

BREAKFASTS will be supplied from Eight to Eleven o'clock, at 2s. per head, with cold meats, &c. &c. ad libitum.

LUNCHEONS and DINNERS from Eleven to Six o'clock, with every delicacy of the season, at 3s. per head.

TEAS, SUPPERS, &c. from Six during the rest of the Evening, at 1s. per head.

MR. FLEISCHMANN, in making this arrangement, hopes to meet with the support of many visiting Leedsmen, who will have private lodgings, assuring them they will find every accommodation, and the arrangements will be carried out in a first-class manner.

N.B. Parties requiring Hotel accommodation will please make early application to Mr. FLEISCHMANN, Scarbo' Hotel, Leeds.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.—

The WINTER SESSION OPENS on the 1st of OCTOBER, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Prof. BENTLEY, at Eight o'clock, p.m.

Physician—Dr. Hawking. Dr. Stewart, Dr. Goodfellow.

Assistant-Physician—Dr. F. Price.

Assistant-Physician—Dr. H. Thompson. Dr. Frederick Weber.

Surgeon—Mr. Shaw. Dr. Morgan. Mr. Moore. Mr. Henry.

Assistant-Surgeon—Mr. Nunn. Mr. Flower.

Surgeon-Dentist—Mr. Toms.

The Hospital contains 310 beds. Upwards of 2,000 In-Patients and of 16,000 Out-Patients are treated annually.

Applications have been made under which all general Students will be required to act as Clinical Clerks and Dressers.

Fee for the entire period of attendance required by the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Company, 30l.

LECTURES.

Medicine—Dr. Steward, Dr. Goodfellow.

Surgery—Mr. Shaw.

Physiology—Mr. Dr. Morgan.

Anatomy—Mr. Moore.

Practical Anatomy—Mr. Nunn and Mr. Flower.

Pathological Anatomy—Mr. Nunn and Mr. Sibley.

Midwifery—Dr. F. Price.

Medical Jurisprudence—Dr. Goodfellow, Mr. Henry.

Botany—Professor Bentley.

Practical Chemistry—Mr. Taylor, Mr. Heisch.

Histology and Minute Anatomy—Dr. W. Woodham Webb.

Cosmopolitan Medicine—Dr. T. G. C. Jordan.

General Fee for attendance on the Hospital Practice and Lectures required by the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Society, 30l. This sum may be paid by instalments of 30s. at the beginning of the First Session; 30s. at the beginning of the Second Session; and 10s. at the beginning of the Third Session. For every additional Session, 10s.

The General Fee admits Students to the Practical Chemistry Course, and to all other Lectures delivered in the School, except Comparative Anatomy.

For further information, prospectuses, &c. apply to the Dean; or to Mr. De Morgan, Treasurer to the School; or to Dr. Corfe, at the Hospital.

S. J. GOODFELLOW, M.D. F.R.C.P., Dean.

ST. THOMAS'S MEDICAL SESSION.—

A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by DR. BRIKSTOWE, 1st October, 1858, at Eight o'clock, p.m., after which

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, &c. will take place.

Gentlemen have the option of paying 40s. for the first year, a similar sum for the second, and 10s. for each succeeding year; or 90s. at one payment, as perpetual.

PRIZES AND APPOINTMENTS FOR 1858-59.

Voluntary Matriculation Examinations are held on the three first days of the Session, and a Prize of 30s. is given in each of the three following divisions:

1. In Mathematics, Classics, and Ancient History.

2. In Physics and Natural History.

3. In Modern Languages and Modern History.

FIRST YEAR'S STUDENTS.

The Treasurer's Prize, 1st. 20 Guineas. 2nd. 10 Guineas.

SECOND YEAR'S STUDENTS.

The President's Prize, 20 Guineas. And a Prize of 10 Guineas. The Ten Dressers, and the Eighteen Clinical Clerks, selected by merit.

Three Prizes of 30s. and One of 30s. to the Clinical Clerks.

THIRD AND FOURTH YEARS' STUDENTS.

Three Clinical Assistants, a Prize of 10s., and 30s. to the two most Meritorious.

Mr. Geo. Vaughan's Chесchedel Medal. The Treasurer's Gold Medal.

Mr. Newman Smith's Prize of 30s. for the best Essay on 'Neuritis.'

The Two House Surgeons, the Resident Accoucheurs, and the Dressers, are provided with Rooms and Commons in the Hospital, free of all charge.

The Hospital Registrars at an Annual Salary of 80s. each.

Students of each year are classed according to their respective total merits in the examinations, and all of the First Class receive Certificates of Honour.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Dr. Roots, Consulting Physician; Mr. Green, Consulting Surgeon; Dr. Barker, Dr. J. Risdon Bennett, Dr. Goolden, Mr. South, Mr. Mackmurdo, Mr. Solly, Mr. Le Gros Clark, Mr. Simon, Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristow, Dr. Waterhouse, Mr. Whittlesey.

Clinical Officers given in state times by the Medical and Surgical Officers, and a general Course of Medical Clinical Lectures, by Dr. Barker. Ophthalmic Surgery, Mr. Mackmurdo; Midwifery, Dr. Waller, and Dr. Griffith; Dental Surgery, Mr. Patient; Medical Tutor, E. Clapton, M.D.

Clinical Medicine—Dr. Barker. Medicine—Dr. J. Risdon Bennett. Surgery—Mr. South. Physiology—Mr. Granger and Dr. Bristow. Dermatology and Surgical Pathology—Mr. Le Gros Clark, and Mr. Rainey. Chemistry and Practical Chemistry—Dr. H. Dundas Thomson. Midwifery—Dr. Waller. Practical Midwifery—Dr. Griffith. General Pathology—Mr. Simon. Botany—Dr. Peacock. Comparative Anatomy—Dr. John. Material Medicine—Dr. Peacock. Forensic Medicine—Dr. Bristow. Public Health—Dr. Headlam Greenhow. Anatomical Demonstrations—Mr. Rainey, and Mr. W. M. Ord, Assistant Demonstrator. Demonstrations—Norfolk Anatomy—Dr. Bristow and Mr. S. Jones. Medical Illustrations—Mr. Bristow.

Students can reside with some of the Officers close to the Hospital. The Patients are admitted daily at Half-past Nine, a.m., and the Out-Patients seen at that time.

To enter, or to obtain Prospectuses and further information, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, resident at the Hospital.

**WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL SCHOOL
OF MEDICINE,
BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**

SESSION 1858-59.

The Westminster Hospital was Instituted A.D. 1719, and Incorporated by Act of Parliament A.D. 1836. It contains 175 Beds, and affords relief to about 30,000 Out-Patients annually.

The SESSION will COMMENCE on FRIDAY, the 1st of OCTOBER, 1858, with an Introductory Address, by Dr. FREDERIC BIRD, at 8 P.M.

Hospital Practice.

Physicians—Dr. Basham, Dr. Fincham, Dr. Radcliffe.

Assistant-Physicians—Dr. Marcel, Dr. Reynolda.

Surgeons—Mr. Barnard Holt, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Holthouse.

Assistant-Surgeons—Mr. Hillman, Mr. Power.

Surgeon-Dentist—Mr. Clandon.

Lectures.

WINTER TERM—Commencing Oct. 1, terminating March 31.

Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy—Mr. Holthouse.

Practical Anatomy—Mr. Christopher Heath.

Dental Surgery—Dr. Christopher Heath.

Chemistry—Dr. Marcel, F.R.S.

Surgery—Mr. Barnard Holt and Mr. Brooke, M.A. F.R.S.

Physiology and Physiological Anatomy—Mr. Hillman.

Medicine—Dr. Basham.

SUMMER TERM—Commencing May 1, terminating July 31.

Botany—Mr. Syme, F.L.S.

Comparative Anatomy and Zoology—Mr. Pittard.

Medical Philosophy—Mr. Brooke, M.A. F.R.S.

Materia Medica and Therapeutics—Dr. Radcliffe.

Forensic Medicine—Dr. Fincham and Dr. Marcel, F.R.S.

Practical Chemistry—Dr. Marcel, F.R.S.

Midwifery—Dr. Frederic Bird.

ClinICAL LECTURES.—In addition to the instruction given by the Physicians and Surgeons, Courses of Lectures on the new regulations of the Examining Boards, will be delivered during the Winter and Summer Terms, by the Physicians and Surgeons.

Clinical Assistants, Physicians' Clerks, and Surgeons' Dressers, are selected from the most qualified Students, without additional Fee.

Any period of Hospital Practice, or any Course of Lectures, may be separately attended.

The Extra Course of Study (including Hospital Practice and Lectures) will be attended on payment of Seventy Guineas. Further information may be obtained on application to

F. J. WILSON, Secretary to the Hospital.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.—

The SESSION 1858-59 will COMMENCE on MONDAY,

the 4th of October, when the INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by the Warden, the Rev. J. G. CUMMING, M.A. F.R.S., at Two o'clock.

The LECTURES upon the various branches of Medical Science are as follows:

THE WINTER SESSION.

Surgical Anatomy—Prof. Sands Cox, F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; Senior Surgeon to the Queen's Hospital.

Descriptive Anatomy—Prof. Bolton, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; Surgeon to the Queen's Hospital.

Comparative Anatomy and Surgery—Prof. Waller, M.D. F.R.S.

Practical Anatomy with Superintendence of Dissections—Mr.

Oliver Pemberton, M.R.C.S., Surgeon to the General Hospital, and Dr. J. Arundell, M.R.C.S., M.R.C.O.

Chemistry—Prof. Bond, M.B., London.

Principles and Practice of Medicine—Prof. Heaton, M.D., Physician to the Queen's Hospital.

Principles and Practice of Surgery—Prof. Sands Cox, F.R.S., Senior Surgeon of the Queen's Hospital.

Comparative Anatomy and Zoology—Prof. Waller, M.C.R.J. Jordan, M.D. F.R.S.

Medical Tutor—T. J. Walker, M.B., (London) University Medical Tutor.

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It is strange that hitherto we have had no memorable history of the great Frederick. Campbell and Macaulay have sketched, and Schiller intended to sketch, Frederick and his times. Representations of him there have existed, and do exist not a few, made according to Prussian, Austrian, French, or English bias. We are familiar enough with the face and figure of the boy and the man arranged according to the manner of the period. He has been set before us, "if not 'in long clothes,' at least in longish and flowing clothes as of dark-blue velvet; cap of the same; a short raven's feather in the cap; face and eyes full of beautiful vivacity; while his little drum responds to his bits of drumsticks." There is Frederick, the Crown-Prince, with eyes moist and poetical, fonder of his flute and M. Voltaire than of parade and pipe-clay. Then we have a picture of wilful Fritz, grave and meditative, under sentence of death, in the prison at Küstrin. Then half-literary, half-military King Frederick meets us at Sans-Souci, whom we by-and-by become familiar with as the centre of a strategic group, who gather light and darkness from his eye as from an earlier Napoleon,—whom we recognize at Rossbach, at Leuthen, and at Torgau, and, in later years, see in the sun among his greyhounds and horses, or strolling in the streets, a favourite with the Berlin common people. Frederick, the King, the soldier, whose history closes a great European epoch, has not yet been described. After eighty years, for the first time Frederick the Great returns to light, and becomes a king again, by means of these historic pages.

Mr. Carlyle is famous in restoration. He hints, however, that the enterprise which he has undertaken "turns out to be, the longer one looks at it, the more of a formidable, not to say unmanageable nature." There are wagon-loads of books and printed records, which, he tells us, exist upon the subject, "but they want all things, even an index. Truth is, the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known"; and Mr. Carlyle has striven to forgive him, as he hopes in turn to be forgiven. Access to the proper documents, it might appear, has not been afforded him. Obstacles, he plainly gives us to understand, exist against the possibility of a complete history of Frederick at present, especially in this country; but he forewarns his readers, in the meanwhile, not to put faith in M. Voltaire's biography, which is a scandalous libel, "undoubtedly written by Voltaire, in a kind of fury, but not intended to be published; nay, burnt and annihilated, as he afterwards imagined." The main sources from which he draws are, the letters of Frederick's sister, Wilhelmina, the Margravine of Baireuth,—the Memoirs of Forster and Polnitz,—occasionally from M. Erman, "a gentleman of feeble, watery style and distracted arrangement,"—from "learned and painful" German books,—from certain English books "amazingly edited,"—and English political pamphlets and newspapers. The great feature of this history is its political and judicial tone,—the light which it sheds on courts, kings, governments, religions—on Austrian, Prussian, and English intrigues. In the way, too, of actual delineation and survey, the history is marvellously true and allusive. Descriptions of forest and heath

and river intersect and brighten the pages. All the grey, old, silent castles, and quaint, many-gabled towns, that lie between the Elbe and the Danube, contribute their hundreds of historic shadows. Troops of wild Wends are seen emerging from the twilight forests and passing Brandenburg way. Then gallant Henry the Fowler comes forth from the hilly Hartz country,—posts his six Margraves over the land,—rears walls and castles round the towns,—and turns (unless they prefer hanging) robbers into soldiers. Then we have a sight of old heathen Prussia, "flat and moory, full of lakes and woods, spreading out into grassy expanses and bosky wildernesses humming with bees,"—frugiferous, too, and grassy, as it lies somewhat cold towards the amber regions of the Baltic. Then Kaiser Otto, "wonder of the world," appears,—and alongside of him a slight figure of St. Adalbert. Two lines of shadowy kings then die out,—and "Albert the Bear," or still oftener "Albert the Handsome," first of the Ascanian Margraves of Brandenburg, makes a definite appearance.

Brandenburg henceforward is an Electorate. The Wends are swept or else "damped down into Christianity," and in their place we have patient colonists from Holland, who know how to deal with bog and sand, "who grow milk and cheese," and speak Platt-Deutsch. This is the second period of Brandenburg history, and brings us down to the year 1170.

It is the flower-time of German chivalry, the noon of Barbarossa, and young Conrad sets out from the old Castle of Hohenzollern to build up a great house in the political world. Passing another century, along lines of Teutonic knights and religious orders, we arrive at the period of Frederick the Third, first hereditary Burggraf of Nürnberg,—and of his cousin Rudolf, first Hapsburg Kaiser. From them come the latest Austrian Kaisers—the latest Kings of Prussia. During our mediæval route we deserv castles and towns and princedoms growing to size and importance in the German world:—Ballenstadt, Plassenburg, Anspach, and Marburg look down upon us silently from the old heights,—we pass Heilbronn and Erlangen—see Wendish Berlin rising up from its wooden piles,—pass Königsberg, too, and Thoren,—skirt the banks of the Weichsel and the Nogat, where busy Germans are ship-building, ploughing and trading,—until we obtain, after two hundred years, an important sight of Emperor Sigismund conveying Brandenburg, with all its lands and honours, for 400,000 Hungarian gold gulden (200,000*l.*), to Frederick of Hohenzollern, the sixth Burggraf of Nürnberg—"A square-headed mild-looking, solid gentleman," he is described,—"with a certain twinkle of mirth in the serious eyes of him. Frederick makes no progress with squirearchy of Brandenburg, though "he invited them to dinner,"—though he "had them often to dinner for a year and more," and is moreover regarded as "a Nuremberg plaything." He bethinks him of a less persuasive way. The Landgraf of Thüringen has a huge gun, the biggest ever seen—"a twenty-four-pounder," no less—to which the peasants, dragging her with difficulty through the clayey roads, gave the name of *Faule Grete*, "Lazy or Heavy Peg." This instrument Burggraf Frederick borrows, appears with it before Edleherr Quitzow's strong house of Friesack—"walls 14 feet thick,"—which, in eight-and-forty hours are shaken about Quitzow's ears.

In the ruins of this old Friesack such antiquarians as have eyes are bid "to look for the tap-root of the Prussian nation, and the beginning of all that Brandenburg has since grown to under the sun." Frederick, who

shook down old Friesack, is seventh in descent from Conrad of Hohenzollern, and died in 1440. "Let three centuries," says Mr. Carlyle—"let twelve generations farther come and pass—and there will be another still more notable Friedrich—our little Fritz, destined to be third king of Prussia, officially named Friedrich the Second, and popularly, Frederick the Great." Having occupied, and we think not a little incumbered, his first volume for 130 pages with historical and genealogical *débris*, which he has dug forth while "looking for the Prussian tap-root," Mr. Carlyle proceeds to accumulate upon those 130 a hundred-and-seven pages like them, the result, apparently, of looking for different branches. "Readers of this enlightened gold-nugget generation can form no conception" of the difficulty we have had in digging thus far through these books. By digging systematically the reader may indeed light upon lumps of rugged gold, stiffly embedded in an outlandish speech, from which, if he be patient, he will be able to separate a few historical particles; but our experience of two-thirds of the first volume is, that it is an historical world, "whose margin fades for ever and for ever," as we read. Ever since the first page of the history revealed to us the shadow of Father Fritz, sauntering on the terraces of Sans-Souci, we have been pursuing him through lines of Wends, through generations of Margraves, and Kurfürsts, and Burggrafs; we have been unsuccessfully trying for his component parts among the houses of Brandenburg and Hohenzollern; we have sought him along the Baireuth-Anspach branch; we have hunted for him at the Council of Constance; we have endeavoured to trace him at the Reformation; then at the Treaty of Smalkald; then, in fifty years after, we have laboured and waited for him during the Thirty Years' War; and it is not until at page 342, when Frederick the Great, Elector of Brandenburg, appears, that we have any ultimate hope of ever achieving Frederick the Great as any kind of living fact. At this point we have a distinct sight of a great Prussian king and an extending Prussian kingdom. Hitherto, political significance Brandenburg had none: it was a mere Protestant appendage, dragged about by a Papist Kaiser. "Friedrich Wilhelm's" Father's Prime Minister was in the interest of his enemies; not Brandenburg's servant, but Austria's. "The very commandants of his fortresses, the commandant of Spandau more especially, refused to obey Friedrich Wilhelm on his accession: were bound to obey the Kaiser in the first place. He had to proceed softly as well as swiftly, with the most delicate hand, to get him of Spandau by the collar, and put him under lock and key, as a warning to others." Louis the Fourteenth had need of him, then Kaiser Leopold, "the little gentleman in scarlet stockings, with Austrian lip, that said nothing at all." His 24,000 excellent fighting-men thrown in at the right time were often a thing that could turn the balance in great questions. He is a figure in the world—"a man advancing in circuits, the only way he has, face now to east, now to west." Prussia does no more homage,—there is nothing left above ducal Prussia but the heavens, and great times are coming. The Elector is a mighty, industrial man, too. Bogs have to be cut, colonies settled in waste places, canals cut, trade and work encouraged. In the way of military exploit there is the battle of *Fehrbellin*, on a smaller scale the Bannockburn, Sempach, Marathon of Brandenburg—and the winter exploit of January, 1679, undertaken against the Swedes near Königsberg. It is of the highest moment for the Elector to

get from Carwe, where he was, through Königsberg to Gilge, where the Swedes are in a minimum of time. The distance is about a hundred miles, the road rough and circuitous, and the exploit is thus grandly described:—

"It is ringing frost to-day, and for days back:—Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some Four-thousand men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion. Scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along; awaking the ice-bound silences. Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapt in its Winter cloud-coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing-hamlets, pine-hillocks,—desolate-looking, stern as Greenland or more so, says Büsching, who travelled there in winter-time,—hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the Four-thousand, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it, in that manner. All day they rush along, —out of the rimey hazes of morning into the olive-coloured clouds of evening again,—with huge loud-grounding rumble; and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes, in the New Year, 1679,—little short of Karl Gustav'sfeat, which we heard of, in the other or Danish end of the Baltic, twenty years ago, when he took Islands without ships. This Second Exploit,—suggested or not by that prior one of Karl Gustav on the ice,—is still a thing to be remembered by Hohenzollerns and Prussians. The Swedes were beaten here, on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival; were driven into disastrous rapid retreat Northward; which they executed in hunger and cold; fighting continually, like Northern bears, under the grim sky; Friedrich Wilhelm sticking to their skirts,—holding by their tail, like an angry bearward with steel whip in his hand. A thing which, on the small scale, reminds one of Napoleon's experiences. Not till Napoleon's huge fighting-flight, a Hundred-and-thirty-four years after, did I read of such a transaction in those parts. The Swedish invasion of Preussen has gone utterly to ruin."

Louis the Fourteenth, it is thought, offered to make him King, but that he declined for the present—"a gallant, eagle-featured, little gentleman": here is a picture of his household life:—

"Not but that he had his troubles with his womankind. Even with this his first Wife, whom he loved truly, and who truly loved him, there were scenes; the Lady having a judgment of her own about everything that passed, and the Man being choleric withal. Sometimes, I have heard, 'he would dash his Hat at her feet,' saying symbolically, 'Govern you, then, Madam!' Not the Kurfürst-Hat; a Coif is my wear, it seems!' Yet her judgment was good; and he liked to have it on the weightiest things, though her powers of silence might halt now and then. He has been known, on occasion, to run from his Privy-Council to her apartment, while a complex matter was debating, to ask her opinion, hers too, before it was decided. Excellent Louisa; Princess full of beautiful piety, good-sense and affection; a touch of the Nassau-Heroic in her. At the moment of her death, it is said, when speech had fled, he felt, from her hand which lay in his, three slight, slight pressures: 'Farewell!' thrice mutely spoken in that manner,—not easy to forget in this world."

Dutch William is at this time making preparations for 1688,—and the Elector, being a good Protestant man, is much interested. Here is a note of him which brings us a glimpse of Fritz:—

"Of all his Ancestors, our little Fritz, when he grew big, admired this one. A man made like himself in many points. He seems really to have loved and honoured this one. In the year 1750 there had been a new Cathedral got finished at Berlin; the ancestral bones had to be shifted over from the vaults of the old one,—the burying-place ever since Joachim the Second, that Joschim who drew his sword on Alba. 'King Friedrich, with some attendants, witnessed the operation, January, 1750. When the Great Kurfürst's coffin came, he

made them open it; gazed in silence on the features for some time, which were perfectly recognizable; laid his hand on the hand long-dead, and said, '*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses* (This one did a great work)!"

Then poor grandfather King Frederick, quite a Hohenzollern, comes and passes along the stage; the Treaty of Utrecht gets "done"; and little Frederick, who will one day be called Great, at last is born, on the 24th of January, 1712. Here are his surroundings:—

"There is the native German element for young Fritz, of which the centre is Papa, now come to be King, and powerfully manifesting himself as such. An abrupt peremptory young King; and German to the bone. Along with whom, companions to him in his social hours, and fellow-workers in his business, are a set of very rugged German sons of Nature; differing much from the French sons of Art. Baron Grunkow, Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau (not yet called the 'Old Dessauer,' being under forty yet), General Glaserap, Colonel Derschau, General Flans; these, and the other nameless Generals and Officials, are a curious counterpart to the Camases, the Hautcharnoys and Forcades, with their nimble tongues and rapiers; still more to the Beausobres, Achards, full of ecclesiastical logic, made of Bayle and Calvin kneaded together; and to the high-frizzled ladies rustling in stiff silk, with the shadow of Versailles and of the Dragonades alike present to them. Born Hyperboreans these others; rough as hemp, and stout of fibre as hemp; native products of the rigorous North. Of whom, after all our reading, we know little.—O Heaven, they have had long lines of rugged ancestors, cast in the same rude stalwart mould, and leading their rough life there, of whom we know absolutely nothing! Dumb all those preceding busy generations; and this of Friedrich Wilhelm is grown almost dumb. Grim semi-articulate Prussian men; gone all to pipeclay and moustache for us. Strange blond-complexioned, not unbeautiful Prussian honourable women, in hoops, brocades, and unintelligible head-gear and hair-towers,—*ach Gott, they too are gone; and their musical talk, in the French or German language, that also is gone; and the hollow Eternities have swallowed it, as their wont is, in a very surprising manner!*"

Here is Field-Marshal Dessau—not yet old Commander of the Prussian armies, "a man whose face is the colour of gunpowder":—

"He was in Malplaquet with them, if only as volunteer on that occasion. He commanded them in Blenheim itself; stood, in the right or Eugene wing of that famed Battle of Blenheim, fiercely at bay, when the Austrian Cavalry had all fled:—fiercely volleying, charging, dexterously wheeling and manoeuvring; sticking to his ground with a mastiff-like tenacity,—till Marlborough, and victory from the left, relieved him and others. He was at the Bridge of Cassano; where Eugene and Vendôme came to handgrips;—where Mirabeau's Grandfather, *Col-d'Argent*, got his six-and-thirty wounds, and was 'killed' as he used to term it. 'The hottest fire I ever saw,' said Eugene, who had not seen Malplaquet at that time. While *Col-d'Argent* sank collapsed upon the Bridge, and the horse charged over him, and again charged, and beat and were beaten three several times,—Anhalt-Dessau, impatient of such fiddling hither and thither, swashed into the stream itself with his Prussian Foot; swashed through it, waistdeep or breastdeep; and might have settled the matter, had not his cartridges got wetted. Old King Friedrich rebuked him angrily for his impetuosity in this matter, and the sad loss of men. Then again he was at the Storming of the Lines of Turin,—Eugene's feat of 1706, and a most volcanic business:—was the first man that got over the entrenchment there. Foremost man; face all black with the smoke of gunpowder, only channelled here and there with rivulets of sweat:—not a lovely phenomenon to the French in the interior! Who still fought like madmen, but were at length driven into heaps, and obliged to run. A while before they ran, Anhalt-Dessau, noticing some Captain posted with his company in a likely situation, stepped aside

to him for a moment, and asked, 'Am I wounded, think you?—No? Then have you anything to drink?' and deliberately 'drank a glass of aquavitæ' the judicious Captain carrying a pocket-pistol of that sort, in case of accident; and likewise 'eat, with great appetite, a bit of bread from one of the soldiers' havresacks; saying, He believed the heat of the job was done, and that there was no fear now.' A man that has been in many wars; in whose rough head are schemes hatching. Any religion he has is of Protestant nature; but he has not much,—on the doctrinal side, very little. Luther's Hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, he calls 'God Almighty's grenadier-march.' On joining battle, he audibly utters, with bared head, some growl of rugged prayer, far from orthodox at times, but much in earnest: that lifting of his hat, for prayer, is his last signal on such occasions. He is very cunning as required, withal; not disdaining the serpentine method when no other will do."

The biographical part of the first volume occupies thirteen years, from 1713—26. We are now in the first stage, Fritzkin's school-days, 1713. Fritz is to learn no Latin. What has a young German man and king of the eighteenth Christian *séculum*—asks the historian—to do with dead old heathen Latins, Romans and the lingo *they spoke?* No great things of heathens after all. Let him learn arithmetic, mathematics, artillery to the very bottom, history in particular, ancient history only slightly,—but the *history of the last 150 years to the exactest pitch.* A proper abhorrence of Papistry and insight into its baseness and nonsensicality is to be communicated. These operations go on at Wusterhausen, twenty English miles east of Berlin.

Noltenius and Panzendorf are busy *teaching* the Prince religion:—upon which we have this excellent remark:—

"The notion of 'teaching' religion, in the way of drill-exercise; which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to Noltenius and Friedrich Wilhelm. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle Heavenward, cannot be 'taught' by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No; alas, no. Only by far other methods,—chiefly by silent continual Example, silently waiting for the favourable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named 'the grace of God,'—can that sacred contagion pass from soul into soul. How much beyond whole Libraries of orthodox Theology is, sometimes, the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who *had* in them 'Devoutness, pious Nobleness!' In whom the young soul, not unobservant, though not consciously observing, came at length to recognize it; to read it, in this irrefragable manner: a seed planted thenceforth in the centre of his holiest affections for evermore!"

And here is the transit of Czar Peter, as described by Sister Wilhelmina,—with a delicious little touch of Queen Sophie:—

"It was Sunday, 19th September, 1717, when the Czar arrived in Berlin. Being already sated with scenic parades, he had begged to be spared all ceremony; begged to be lodged in Monbijou, the Queen's little Garden-Palace, with river and trees round it, where he hoped to be quietest. Monbijou has been set apart accordingly; the Queen, not in the benignest humour, sweeping all her crystals and brittle things away; knowing the manners of the Muscovites. Nor in the way of ceremony was there much: King and Queen drove out to meet him; rampart-guns gave three big salvos, as the Czarish Majesty stepped forth. 'I am glad to see you, my Brother Friedrich,' said Peter, in German, his only intelligible language; shaking hands with the Brother Majesty, in a cordial human manner. The Queen he, still more cordially, 'would have kissed'; but this she evaded, in some graceful, effective way. As to the Czarina,—who, for *obstetric* and other reasons, of no moment to us, had staid in Wesel all the time he was in France,—she followed him now at two-days' dis-

tance; not along with him, as Wilhelmina has it. Wilhelmina says she kissed the Queen's hand, and again and again kissed it; begged to present her Ladies—about four-hundred so-called Ladies, who were of her Suite.—Surely not so many as Four-hundred, you too-witty Princess? 'Mere German serving-maids for most part,' says the witty Princess; 'Ladies when there is occasion, then acting as chambermaids, cooks, washerwomen, when that is over.' Queen Sophie was averse to salute these creatures; but the Czarina Catherine making reprisals upon our Margravines, and the King looking painfully earnest in it, she prevailed upon herself. Was there ever seen such a travelling tagraggery of a Sovereign Court before? 'Several of these creatures' (*presque toutes*, says the exaggerated Princess) 'had in their arms a baby in rich dress; and if you asked, "Is that yours, then?" they answered, making salaams in Russian style, "The Czar did me the honour (*n'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant!*)!"'

George the First now comes in sight, with a certain double-marriage proposal. We will let His Majesty pass, and take a peep into the Royal Tabaks Collegium. Here is an admirable Teniers sketch:—

"A Smoking-room,—with wooden furniture, we can suppose,—in each of his Majesty's royal Palaces, was set apart for this evening service, and became the Tabagie of his Majesty. A Tabagie-room in the Berlin Schloss, another in the Potsdam, if the cicerone had any knowledge, could still be pointed-out—but the Tobacco-pipes that are shown as Friedrich Wilhelm's, in the *Kunstкамmer* or Museum of Berlin, pipes which no rational smoker, not compelled to it, would have used, awaken just doubt as to the cicerones; and you leave the Locality of the Tabagie a thing conjectural. In summer season, at Potsdam and in country situations, Tabagie could be held under a tent: we expressly know, his Majesty held Tabagie at Wusterhausen nightly on the Steps of the big Fountain, in the Outer Court there. Issuing from Wusterhausen Schloss, and its little clipped lindens, by the western side; passing the sentries, bridge and black ditch, with live Prussian eagles, vicious black bears, you come upon the royal Tabagie of Wusterhausen; covered by an awning, I should think; sending forth its bits of smoke-clouds, and its hum of human talk, into the wide free Desert round. Any room that was large enough, and had height of ceiling, and air-circulation and no cloth-furniture, would do: and in each Palace is one, or more than one, that has been fixed-upon and fitted-out for that object. A high large Room, as the Engravings (mostly worthless) give it us: contented saturnine human figures, a dozen or so of them, sitting round a large long Table, furnished for the occasion; long Dutch pipe in the mouth of each man; supplies of knaster easily accessible; small pan of burning peat, in the Dutch fashion (sandy native charcoal, which burns slowly without smoke), is at your left hand; at your right—a jug, which I find to consist of excellent thin bitter beer. Other costlier materials for drinking, if you want such, are not beyond reach. On side-tables stand wholesome cold-meats, royal rounds of beef not wanting, with bread thinly sliced and buttered: in a rustic but neat and abundant way, such innocent accommodations, narcotic or nutritious, gaseous, fluid and solid, as human nature, bent on contemplation and an evening lounge, can require. Perfect equality is to be the rule; no rising, or notice taken, when anybody enters or leaves. Let the entering man take his place and pipe, without obligatory remarks: if he cannot smoke, which is Seckendorf's case for instance, let him at least affect to do so, and not ruffle the established stream of things. And so, Puff, slowly Pff!—and any comfortable speech that is in you; or none, if you authentically have not any."

And the talk:—

"The Talk, we can believe, was rambling and multifarious: the day's hunting, if at Wusterhausen; the day's news, if at Berlin or Potsdam; old reminiscences, too, I can fancy, turning up, and talk, even in Seckendorf's own time, about Siege of Menin (where your Majesty first did me the honour of some notice), Siege of Stralsund, and

—duly on September 11th at least—Malplaquet, with Marlborough and Eugene: what Marlborough said, looked: and especially Lottum, late Feldmarschall Lottum; and how the Prussian Infantry held firm, like a wall of rocks, when the horse were swept away,—rocks highly volcanic, and capable of rolling forward too;—and 'how a certain Adjutant' (Derschau smokes harder, and blushes brown) 'snatched poor Tettau on his back, bleeding to death, amid the iron whirlwinds, and brought him out of shot-range.'—'Hm, na, such a Day, that, Herr Feldzeugmeister, as we shall not see again till the Last of the Days!'

Take a portrait of Grandmother Sophie:—

"Beyond doubt a bright airy lady, shining in mild radiance in those Northern parts; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue,—which latter art also was frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her Husband, nor the Court population, male or female, whom he chose to have about him: his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts. Friedrich I., it is admitted on all hands, was 'an expensive Herr'; much given to magnificent ceremonies, etiquettes and solemnities; making no great way anywhere, and that always with noise enough, and with a dust-vortex of courtier intrigues and cabals encircling him,—from which it is better to stand quite to windward. Moreover he was slightly crooked; most sensitive, thin of skin and liable to sudden flaws of temper, though at heart very kind and good. Sophie Charlotte is she who wrote once, 'Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*): mon Dieu, as if I did not know enough of that!' Besides, it is whispered, she was once near marrying to Louis XIV.'s Dauphin; her mother Sophie, and her Cousin the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, cunning women both, had brought her to Paris in her girlhood, with that secret object; and had very nearly managed it. Queen of France that might have been; and now it is but Brandenburg, and the dice have fallen somewhat wrong for us! She had Friedrich Wilhelm, the rough boy; and perhaps nothing more of very precious property. Her first child, likewise a boy, had soon died, and there came no third: tedious ceremonials, and the infinitely little, were mainly her lot in this world. All which, however, she had the art to take up not in the tragic way, but in the mildly comic,—often not to take up at all, but leave lying there;—and thus to manage in a handsome and softly victorious manner. With delicate female tact, with fine female stoicism, too; keeping all things within limits. She was much respected by her Husband, much loved indeed; and greatly mourned for by the poor man: the village Lützelburg (Little-town), close by Berlin, where she had built a mansion for herself, he fondly named *Charlotteburg* (*Charlotte's-town*), after her death, which name both House and Village still bear. Leibnitz found her of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; 'wants to know the why even of the why,' says Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive. Samuel Johnson, too, had a young-lady friend once 'with the acutest intellect I have ever known.'

The second volume conducts us into a marvellously interesting period of political storm and sea of secret correspondence and revelation, opening with 1729, when war is breaking out—Spaniards actually battering at Gibraltar—and the Kaiser's ambassador at London is angrily ordered to begone. Termagant Elizabeth of Spain has set her mind upon Gibraltar—is the real cause of the war. "Pacific George, guided by pacific Walpole, backed by pacific Fleury, answers the ardent firing by phlegmatic patience and protocolling. Probably the Termagant will not do much damage. In such circumstances, what a stroke of policy to have disjoined Frederick William from the Hanover Alliance, and brought him over to our own." The historian naively asks, "Is not Grunkow worth his pension? Grunkow serves honour-

ably." As will be seen anon. Meanwhile, the Crown-Prince—"the young man of genius"—does what all young men of genius are required to do, smokes, or affects to smoke—reads, or affects to read—"swallows his disgusts, and does faithfully the ugly commanded work." Under the shadow of night George the First is seen posting rapidly to Osnabrück. Fritz visits Dresden, and is admitted into an Armida Garden. The Double Marriage Scheme between England and Prussia is going adrift. "The sublime Congress of Soissons" is about to meet at this date. There is no need, says our historian, to mention the deputies from France, from Spain, from Austria,—those from England were Brigadier-General Stanhope (afterwards Lord Harrington), Horace Walpole and Stephen Poynz, "a once bright gentleman, now dim and obsolete." And here is a clipping from the old English newspapers:—"There is a rumour that *Polly Peachum* is gone to attend the Congress at Soissons, where it is thought she will make as good a figure and do her country as much service as several others that shall be nameless." The Pragmatic Sanction is the question with which creation has groaned for some twenty years, and which will finally get settled, Austria joining with the Sea-powers and expecting subsidies. The intrigues and counter-intrigues of Austrian, Prussian and English ministers in the matter of the Double Marriage Scheme, as seen by the light of a secret correspondence, form one of the strangest historical chapters ever made public. A Prussian minister in the pay of Austria—Prussian Grunkow in Berlin instructing and receiving scandal from Prussian Reichenbach in London—English ministers by means of very useful Prussians intercepting those interesting letters—unexpected discovery and mutual defeat of all diplomats concerned, and a very unexpected political result. Here is a peep:—

"Grunkow from Berlin *loquitur*, Reichenbach listening with both his ears (words caught up in St. Mary Axe):—Berlin, 3d March 1730. 'The time has now come when Reichenbach must play his game. Let him write that the heads of the Opposition, who play Austria as a card in Parliament, "are in consternation, Walpole having hinted to them that he was about to make friends with the King of Prussia," "that by means of certain Ministers at Berlin, and by other subterranean channels (*autres souterrains*), his Prussian Majesty had been brought to a disposition of that kind" (Knyphausen, Borck and others will be much obliged to Reichenbach for so writing!). That Reichenbach knows they intend sending a Minister to Berlin; but is certain enough, as perhaps they are, his Prussian Majesty will not let himself be lured or caught in the trap: but that the very rumour of its being possible for him to change from Austria, 'would be an infinite gain to the English Ministry,'—salvation of them, in fact, in the Parliamentary cockpit. That they had already given out in the way of rumour, How sure they were of the Court of Berlin whenever it came to the point. That Reichenbach had tried to learn from 73* what the real result from Berlin was; and did not think it much, though the Walpole people, all hanging so perilously upon Prussia for their existence, "affected a great gaiety; and indeed felt what a gain it was even to have renewed the Negotiation with his Prussian Majesty." Here is a King likely to get himself illuminated at first-hand upon English affairs; by Ministers lying abroad for him, and lying at home!—"And so the King," concludes Grunkow, "will think Reichenbach is a witch (*sorcière*) to be so well informed about all that, and will redouble the good opinion he has of Reichenbach. And so, if Reichenbach second my ideas, we will pack Borck and Knyphausen about their business; and will do the King faithful service,"—having, some of us, our private 500/- a year

* An indecipherable.

from Austria for doing it. "The King perceives only too well that the Queen's sickness is but sham (*mimerie*): judge of the effect that has! I am yours entirely (*tout à vous*). I wait in great impatience to hear your news upon all this: for I inform you accurately how the land lies here; so that it only depends upon yourself to shine, and to pass for a miracle of just insight,"—*'sorcer'*, or witch-guessing mysteries, Grumkow calls it again."

We have indicated but the chief passages and a few famous acts out of this grand and dramatic history. In another article we hope to exhibit other famous scenes and personages for the delight and instruction of our readers.

The Writings of William Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England, with Biographical Notices of the Author, his Contemporaries and his Race. Edited by S. Bannister. 2 vols. (Effingham Wilson.)

Mr. Bannister, whose life of Paterson we noticed some time since [*Athen.* No. 1584], here presents us with two full-sized octavo volumes of the "works" of his hero. It was but the other day that a writer in a respectable Scottish periodical attributed the fact of Paterson being wholly unknown to his never having figured as an author. Mr. Bannister is shocked that a fellow-countryman of Paterson should have been guilty of such an "oversight," and calls his attention to the "voluminous" character of Paterson's productions, of which the present publication is the evidence. A little inquiry, however, leads us to suspect that the Scottish writer under censure was not more negligent, but only a little more cautious, than Mr. Bannister. We believe that there is not in these volumes a single tract that was ever published with Paterson's name, or ever claimed by him, most having been issued anonymously and some positively with other names. Mr. Bannister, however, is one of those happy editors who are not disturbed by any doubts. One publication, he tells us, "must have been partly written by Paterson." Others, he remarks, "are taken from early manuscripts bearing clear evidence of being his productions"; others "from printed tracts published in his lifetime, and then known to have come from his pen." But the enthusiastic editor does not tell us why they "must" have been so written; nor does he favour us with anything like "clear evidence"; or say who were the persons, in Paterson's lifetime, to whom they were "known" to have been written by him, or at all events does not tell us how they "knew" it. We cannot feel satisfied with the information that some old Scottish gentleman once felt equally confident, or with passing allusions to "internal proofs" and "solid grounds for belief," or even with the supplementary observation that, "it would be difficult to account for the reputation he [Paterson] once enjoyed for capacity in the higher branches of calculation, unless, in the absence of very great wealth and the weightiest mercantile standing and political power, at least writings of this character could be traced to him." On such shadowy grounds Mr. Bannister kindly provides his hero—hitherto entirely unknown to bibliographers—with a respectable collection of "works." Of course, some of these may have been written by Paterson; but the question is of little importance, the tracts themselves being unworthy of reprint. Mr. Bannister's laudation of the assumed author knows no limit. According to him, he was a profound political economist, free trader, financier, administrative reformer, and lawgiver—a model of political foresight and of "disinterestedness and purity of conduct"; but neither in the few facts which Mr. Bannister has scraped together concerning his life, nor in all

his "works," doubtful as they are, do we find much trace of these great attributes. In spite of editorial enthusiasm, the world will probably be slow to come to the opinion that the "great colonial enterprise in Darien" was "well conceived." The project of the Bank of England is, by tradition, assigned to Paterson; and he is assumed by his editor to have been the sole founder of that institution. The fact, however, rests upon grounds scarcely less shadowy than those which authenticate his "works,"—and, even if true, will not raise Paterson to the rank of one of the world's great men. The Bank of England was but a sober banking establishment, like many others then existing. Mr. Bannister appears to think that there is something marvelous in the fact that Paterson knew that Bank paper to be safe must be "convertible." The marvel, however, is, that anybody, even of that period, should have maintained the contrary. If Paterson's claim to a profound acquaintance with monetary science is to rest upon this fact, every gentleman of the parliamentary majority who rejected Chamberlayne's landbank scheme must have a claim as good.

One of the longest and best authenticated of Paterson's "works" is the Scheme for a "Council of Trade,"—which the editor recommends to us as a profitable study in these days. How far this recommendation is justified any person acquainted with the simplest principles of free trade may judge from the following extract. The proposed great national council, besides other stupendous undertakings, is to "be empowered to purchase or build workhouses, and likewise to purchase or procure all other means and materials for employing, relieving, and maintaining the poor; and for encouraging, promoting, and increasing the manufactoryes and fisheries of this Kingdom; to build and erect granaries for the well keeping of stores and quantities of corn in all such places of this Kingdom as they shall judge necessary; and from time to time to buy up and keep at a regular rate the several growths and manufactures of this Kingdom, so as the poor in particular may not be imposed upon nor oppressed by extreme cheapness or want of money for their work on the one hand, nor the nation in general by extreme dearth on the other."

Mr. Bannister is evidently too little of a political economist to estimate the worth of old tracts on these subjects, which are in most cases—as these two volumes will serve as well as anything else to show—mere lumber. If he had been, he would hardly have designated Paterson's scheme for a sinking fund as a "most vital financial measure." Paterson, of course, believed, like other financial dreamers and schemers of his time, that to pay off the national debt must be a means of gain to the nation. Few now think so who think at all on such subjects. The principles upon which the old notion has been shaken are not difficult to explain. Invent and project as we will, a nation cannot pay off, or purchase, its own debt without giving an equivalent. But how can the giving of an equivalent for anything make a nation richer? The question may be stated in the form of a fool's problem. When an obligation to pay 3*l.* a year for ever and the sum of 96*l.* are exactly of equal value, which is worth most, the obligation or the sum? The answer will, of course, determine whether it is better to pay off or let alone.

Liber Famelicus of Sir James Whitelocke, a Judge of the Court of King's Bench, in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I. Now first published from the Original Manuscript. Edited by John Bruce, Esq. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

"THE Father of Bulstrode" is a phrase that

will at once indicate to many, more familiar with the son, the less known, less gifted, yet by no means obscure sire. James Whitelocke was of a respectable family, which had helped to make itself rich by wedding with heiresses, and which had acquired reputation by the virtues and accomplishments of its sons. The father of James, however, was "brought up in the trade of merchandise," but dying early, and his widow, not ill-provided for, marrying with a brutal fellow who squandered all the wealth she had, the four children of the English trader would have fared but badly, had not their mother been a woman of honesty, energy, and of admirable common sense, save when she married with that dissolute fellow deboshed Tom Price. This affectionate and stout as well as gentle-hearted woman saved her sons' small inheritance from the spoiler, and therewith gave them an education that was of "as good sort" as could be had by "any gentleman in England," which set fortune or distinction within their grasp, and added thereto an example of good life, and a demonstration of undying love, which won for this admirable mother the homage and affection of her sons. The elder of these sons was a roving, rollicking, fast-spending Capt. Edmund Whitelocke,—a young fellow who hung on to great nobles to whom he did gentleman's service,—who was a welcome, because a light-hearted and light-tongued, associate in the gatherings of fellows jovial and careless as himself,—and who, if less welcome in companionship of maidens, it was probably because each maiden preferred to commune with that light heart and listen to that light tongue when no other maiden was near to mar the interview. How Edmund was suspected, and caused greater than he to be suspected of being confederates in the great Gunpowder Plot was shown a fortnight ago in a communication made to the *Athenæum* by the accomplished editor of this very 'Liber Famelicus.'

The second son, Richard, "followed his father's way of life and visited many countries in pursuit of commercial profit," and died a merchant at Elbing,—where trade was held to be a dignified vocation. William, the third son, not caring for the learning of a clerk, was put apprentice behind a counter,—but not discerning that the lesser post was a consequence of incapacity as a scholar, William clapped a sword to his side, spurs to his heels, a feather in his cap, and the name of soldier to his titles, and so went a-volunteering into Portugal. He came back as such scapgegraces are wont to do, with scarce a bone sound within him,—but he had a mother who, as mothers also are wont to do, knew no difference in her love between a suffering scapgegrave or a sick sage of a son,—and so, she nursed William into life, and had her recompence, for the spoiled boy, made strong again, went to sea with Drake, being with whom when dying, Whitelocke "put his armour upon him, that he might die like a soldier"; soon after, this page to the great Admiral, himself was killed at sea, fighting against the Spaniard, and at the early age of seven-and-twenty.

It is with the fourth son that we have most to do, for it was he who penned this 'Liber Famelicus,' in which he did "extend to set downe memorials for my posterity of things most properly concerning myself and my family." James Whitelocke was a "Merchant-taylors boy," and was a pupil of old Mulcaster, that *domini* with the rough tongue, heavy hand, and a habit for which he would soundly horsewhip any of his boys—that of going to sleep for half an hour or so during class, "his custom o' the afternoon." Mr. Bruce recognizes in James Whitelocke, "the maternal qualities of his

mother, steadiness and perseverance,—and these seem to have distinguished him from first to last. He won honour by his steadiness of life and study at Oxford; and his perseverance may be seen in the course of Hebrew which he went through with a professor of that ancient tongue, one Hopkinson, who lived in Grub Street, “an obscure and simple man for worldly affaires, but expert in all the left-hand tongs.” “Great learned men,” we are told, came to consult Hopkinson in these languages, and Mr. Bruce directs our notice to “among them no less a person than Lancelot Andrewes.” This fact shows that the Author of the ‘Handbook of London’ was in error when he asserted in reference to the change of name from Grub Street to Milton Street, that it was “an extraordinary change from all that is low and grovelling in literature to all that is epic and exalted.” When nobles and scholars resorted to Grub Street to consult a resident professor of Hebrew there, it cannot be said that the literary aspect of the place or the literary pursuits of its visitors were low and grovelling.

Our young student was called to the bar in the year 1600, at which time he was thirty years of age; and two years subsequently, says Mr. Bruce—

“He married Elizabeth the eldest daughter of Edward Bulstrode, of Hedgley Bulstrode, in the county of Bucks. The marriage was respectable and happy. It made him the father of a numerous family, brought him into connection with the Cokes, the Bulstrodes, and other persons of note and name, gave object and purpose to his own aspiring views, and in every way materially advanced his prospects and position in life.”

From this time to the end of 1631, shortly after which he died a widower, and a Judge of the Court of King’s Bench, the outlines of the history of Sir James,—how he lived, how he sped, what he gained, what he spent, how he rose in his career, how he was sometimes independent of spirit, and at others more yielding,—how he fared as a master, how he was treated as a royal servant, how he became a lord of land, and how he sketched the portraits of those who resided with or visited him there,—all this is briefly but instructively set down in the ‘Liber Famelicus.’ This book, in the handwriting of Sir James Whitelocke, is now in the possession of a great-great-grandson of Sir James’s son, the well-known Bulstrode; and this descendant of the writer has kindly lent his manuscript treasure for the use of the Camden Society,—for which learned guild it has been carefully edited and illustrated by Mr. Bruce.

We shall now turn to the entries which form valuable aids to our knowledge of the time; and we first select some illustrations connected with King James. His sacred Majesty claimed a right to impose what duty or additional duty he thought proper on goods imported into the kingdom. Whitelocke manfully opposed in Parliament this assertion of royal prerogative, and the King not only heartily disliked him because of this fact, but suspected him of various others equally disgusting to the taste and principles of that monarch:—

“The king upon this information began to be verye mutche incensed against Mr. Whitelocke, and shewed it by bitter speeches against him, and the time made him the more apt to apprehend occasion of anger, for that at dinner before, a libellous book was presented unto him, in whiche he was mutche vilified by the adversaryes of our religion for the smale power and grace he had wiþe his people in parliament, and mutche skorn put upon him for his impotency hearin, and especially in that he was so sternly denied relief towards the payment of his debts. Mutche other scandalous and unþowþy matter was in it whiche moved his maisteyne

very mutche; so at the last, breaking out into a denuntiation of punishment against this villain, ‘I wolde wishe,’ saythe he, ‘that the author of this libell had no other punishment then the lower house of parliament wolde inflict upon him for this offence.’ It happened sumwhat unfortunately that, cumming hot from this passion, he shold be complayned unto of an opposition made against his prerogative (a thing his maisteyne did more impatiently hear of then any offence touching himself) and by on that had been traduced unto him to have been most diligent in examining his prerogatives in the parliament house. The king willed the lords to send for mr. Whitelocke before them to the counsell table, and to make him give an accoumpt of his fault, and to do somewhat more, as it will appear by that whiche followeth. These three lords, verye ready to execute his lordship’s [maisteyne’s] command, went into the counsell chamber, whear wiþe sum few others, they sat most part of the afternoon about other busynesses, whiche being in hand, they sent a pursuyvant to mr. Whitelocke’s chamber in the Middle Temple, who broughte unto him a note under mr. Edmund’s hand, the clerk of the counsell, to this effect, ‘Mr. Whitelocke, it is the lords of the counsell’s pleasure, you attend them presentely at the counsell chamber at Whitehalle, and to the note his name was subscribed. This note mr. Whitelocke received between two and three of the clok in the afternoon, being in his studie; it was upon Tuesday 18 Maij, 1613, the morow after Ester term. So soone as he received it, he straighways conceaved what the busynesse was, and therefore presentely made him ready, and went wiþe the pursuyvant by water to Whitehalle, none of his owne people knowing of it, or what was becom of him, for his wife and family went that day into the countrye, and his men wear absent upon that occasion, and had left him alone in his chamber.’

The result was a committal of nearly a month to the Fleet, at the expiration of which period Whitelocke was released on submission:—

“The lord sent for sir Robert Mansel and me to Greenwiche, the sayd 13 of June, being Sunday, and delivered the king’s grace toward us, and his satisfaction he tooke of our submission, and so discharged us. The lord chancelor tolde me that that king tooke special notice and good liking of the sentence out of Tacitus with whiche I concluded my submission, that, *Tibi summum rerum imperium Dii dederunt, nobis obedientia gloria relata est.* My submission is elsewhere related, wiþe note whiche was my owne, and whiche was sir Frauncis Bacon’s addition.”

The House of Commons, in 1614, assigned to Whitelocke and other Members, to hold a conference with the Lords on the subject of the claim of the King to impose duties without the consent of Parliament; but before the conference could be held, the delegates of the Commons—

“Wear called to the counsell table to Whitehalle, whear having evrey on delivered what part he was assigned unto, we wear all commanded to burn our notes, arguments, and collections we had made for the preparing of ourselves to the conference. I broughte myne to the clerk of the counsell, mr. Cottington, the same afternoone, being 24 sides in folio, written wiþe my owne hand, and saw them burnt.” * All the while the lords sate, the king was in the clerk of counsell’s chamber. I saw him look through an open place in the hangins, about the bigness of the palm of ons hand, all the while the lords wear in wiþe us. We wear all sent out of the chamber, and then mr. Wentworth and mr. Hoskins wear sent for back againe into the chamber, and after sum speeces unto them by the lords, they wear sent to the Tower. Sir John Savill knight for Yorkshire, and sir Edwyn Sandys, wear called before the lords and dismissed upon bondes, so was sir Edward Gyles, of Devonshire, and divers others, as sir Roger Owen. Wear divers put out of the commision of the peace, as sir John Savill, sir Roger Owen, sir Edward Philips, mr. Nicolas Hyde, and others. Wear was committed to the Tower, shortly after the parliament, sir Charles Cornwallys, and doctor

Sharp, archdeacon of Barkes, for conference layd to ther charge wiþe mr. Hoskins, about parliament matters. These things I wold not meddle wiþeall, but that they hapned whear I was an agent. In September 1614, SIR EDWARD PHILIPS, master of the rolles, dyed of an ague; he fell sick at Wansted, in Essex, and came from thence to the rolles, and there dyed. He was my verye good frend. It is thought that greef he took in the king’s displeasure toward him, for his sun’s roughenesse in the parliament, hastned his deathe. But I cannot think a man can be sutche a mope.”

This matter of prerogative was one with which King James mortally annoyed all who came within speech or hearing of him. The following nicely-grouped scene has a marked reference to this subject:—

“Upon Sunday, 3 September, I was at the sermon at Windsor, whear preached doctor Feild, on of the canons, and dean of Gloucester. There was mr. secretarye and my lord cheef justice. They sat in the stalles over me. So soon as the sermon was done, mr. secretary beckoned to me to cum to him, so did my lord cheef justice. I presently went to mr. secretary, who invited me to dyne wiþe him. I tolde him I coulde not. He answered me againe, ‘I [that is, ‘Aye’], that is bycause my lord cheef justice hath called yow, and yow darid not deny him.’—‘Sir,’ sayd I, ‘yow must be boþe denied now, for I have divers of my frenðes at home wiþe me.’—My lord, so soone as I came to him, ‘Cum, mr. Whitelocke,’ saythe he, ‘I will make bolde wiþe yow, on of my owne coat; I pray thee let me have thy compayne out of the churche, for I am a stranger heer.’—So I led him out of the churche by the arm, and then went wiþe him to his coachte, into the upper court. And, as I went with him, I asked him why he stayed not at the court to dynner. He tolde me, that whilst he stood by the king at dynner, he wold be ever asking of him questions of that nature that he had as life be out of the roome, and that made him be as far of as he mighte ever at sutche times. I gesse it was concerning matters of his prerogative, whiche the king wold take ill if he wear not answered in them as he wold have it.”

The admiration of Whitelocke for Coke seems to have been almost unbounded; not so, however, for the Chancellor Ellesmere:—

“Thomas lord Ellesmeer viscount Brackley, and chancellor of England, dyed in the beginning of Martch, 1616. It had been good for this common wealth if he had been out of the worlde 20 years before, for he was the greatest enemye to the common law that ever did bear office of state in this kingdome; he was therupon termed viscount Breaklaw for viscount Brackley. The seal was taken from him sum small time before he dyed, and delivered to sir Frauncis Bacon, the attorney-general, who was a younger sun of sir Nicolas Bacon, keeper of the great seal, and was a doble reader in Grayes In, first sollicitor, and then attorney.”

How ill does this agree with the laudation of Wrangham’s epitaph on the Chancellor, or the summing-up of his character by Lord Campbell! How very distasteful it must be to the spirits (if conscious) of those high and mighty persons of the Ellesmere family who sleep beneath such piles of praise in Little Gaddesden Church, as might make archangels think very little of their shape, beauty, or honesty, if they could only read the inflated eulogy and be moved by it! It must be allowed for Lord Ellesmere that Whitelocke had his prejudices, and perhaps he is a trifle (but only a trifle) too severe against the handsome lawyer whose mother, pretty Cicely Sparkes, was so fooled by his father, Sir Roger, at the trysting-place on “Gallantry Banks.”

To turn to matters more personal to Whitelocke; here is a curious bit touching his marriage:—

“I had of my mother-in-law for portion 500l. in ready money, my wife verye well appareled and furnished wiþe jewells, as wiþe the border she

now hath, and other good ons beside, and I had my bord gratis on year and an half; see the covenants of marriage."

Of his own mother, here is the simple yet touching account of her last hours:—

"On the 21st of February, 1606, 4 Jacobi, dyed my kinde, godly and loving mother, having lived a goodly time; the certeyn number of yeares she could not tell, but herself and her kindred reconed her neer fourscore. She overlived all her bretheren and sisters, saving on, that was Thomas, who was elder than she, and lay sik when she died, ether comforting other with messages of their desire to depart. She went away even with the olde age as a candle that goethe out. She did breake mutch the beginning of winter, and so drooped untill she took her bed, whiche was about a monethe before she dyed. She toke her leave divers times of me and the rest, expecting to dy that nighte, but it pleased God to continue her longer than she expected, and she departed about 2 of the clock in the after noon, and I was with her about 12. She had her senses and memorie to the last gasp, and was full of spirit and comfort among her children, and she often remembred herself on her deathe bed to my wife and children, whom she loved most dearely. She was buried in Aldermanrye churche, in the chauncell theare, 25 February. She dyed in that parishe, and ther preached at her funeral doctor John Done, the parson, that had been my acquayntance when he was of Christ-churche in Oxford."

Whitelocke's mother-in-law was an angel of a mother-in-law,—in the list of presents sent to him at Christmas, we find more than one sample of the affection of that lady: here is a sample, at Christmas-tide, 1613.—"My mother-in-law,—a goose pye, two rollers of brawn, a cople of rabbets, and eighteen puddings." What halcyon days were those for married men whose wives' mothers remembered their sons-in-law at Christmas after this fashion! Well may the Benedicks sigh for those "good old times!"

A portion of the entry relative to Whitelocke's induction as a Sergeant-at-Law will remind our readers of a custom of salutation which was observed on high days, by French judges to one another, till the shock of the Revolution crushed that small matter with many a greater import:—

"At the hall I was placed at the stalle righte against the Common Pleas bar; whether the two ancient sergents came to me, and as they came from the bar they turned, and made *conge* to the court three times; then, on upon the on side and the other upon the other side, led me to the bar, and as I went I and they made low curtesy three times. When I came to the bar I made a low curtesy and repeated my pleadings, and was then, by the appoyntment of the court, placed, and led to my place by the two sergents, on the north end of the bar, next to sir William Jones that had been cheef justice of Ireland. When it came to my torn I made my motion, and so went home to Sergents' In."

From these entries our readers may gather some idea of this volume. We will not conclude, however, without remarking that the Introduction, by Mr. Bruce, is as useful as the 'Liber Famelicus' itself. That gentleman has the faculty of stating many things in a few clear words. This is not, at all, an ordinary feat, but it is a common one with Mr. Bruce, and he has never achieved it so satisfactorily as in the Introduction before us to this last volume published by the Camden Society.

Adventures of Mrs. Colonel Somerset in Caffaria during the War. Edited by I. D. Fenton. (Hope & Co.)

WILD, extravagant, and often absurd, this volume is, nevertheless, entertaining. Professedly a genuine narrative, it is obviously made up, in a large degree, of romantic additions. The lady, styled on the title-page "Mrs. Colonel Somerset," but elsewhere "Helen,"

encounters more adventures than Sindbad, and receives more blessings than Hatim Tai. On the score of original observations as an African traveller, she might wrangle with Dr. Livingstone; and in the poetry of her reminiscences might have competed with Pietro della Valle. All aboveground and underground, while she was in Caffaria, appeared, according to Mr. I. D. Fenton, to conspire in rendering her a heroine. Wrecked on a desolate coast, she falls among savages; they take her into their kingdom, where she is presented as extra wife to the black and half-naked gentleman who had saved her from drowning. In his hands she meets with great kindness and forbearance, being fed with milk and the best of Caffarian viands, and also left in charge of a lady who delicately oils her from head to foot, and watches her tenderly, though not so as to prevent a lion peeping at night into the hut. "Providentially" Helen frightens him away. Then follow dreadful perils and sights prodigious,—battles, hunts, elephantine surprises, desert conflagrations, famines, fights between giant animals, and a heart-rending girl-hunt, carried on by a mighty bull, who, at the very moment when his victim seems about to be impaled, breaks his own "horrible horn," and mashes his frontal bone against the face of a rock. It need not be said, therefore, that the book is one of unmitigated melo-drama, calculated to amuse young rather than mature readers, but of its kind it is meritorious. The author has, at least, the knowledge and capacity requisite to sketch effectively a wild African scene. We will quote the description of a native feast, in which Helen participates:—

"Piles of baked and roasted meat lay spread upon temporary tables formed from the smooth side of the native kaross, generously lent by the young men for the occasion. Group after group gathered round these primitive tables, waiting patiently the signal to begin, a signal Helen rather dreaded, imagining a general scramble would be the result. In this she was agreeably disappointed: all was done in the quietest and most polite way. ** One of the cooks beat a loud call upon the lid of a wooden dish, which, from having a skin stretched tightly over its concave side, produced a hollow sound, not a bad imitation of a drum. With the utmost regularity, one after another, the natives approached whichever dish they had made choice of, and, grasping a corner of their kaross, lifted up a sufficient quantity to satisfy the cravings of hunger, each walking away with his portion, and seating themselves upon the first available spot of grass, proceeded to eat with great deliberation. The feast lasted until even the bones had disappeared, and nothing remained but widespread greasy cloths encrusted with fat. One of the principal items of the banquet, however, is yet to be told; for let it not be supposed that at such a merry-making wine was unknown; far from it, the accumulated gathering of the whole band proved an abundant supply. The honourable office of cup-bearers was given to the most distinguished young warriors, who, taking it in turns, went round the whole time, distributing cups of sour wine and bucco-brandy, a most unpalatable but intoxicating spirit, seldom used save on occasions of this kind, both from the difficulty of procuring it, and the powerful effect it produces on the native's temperate habits. The privilege of taking a sip out of every cup filled too full soon began to show its effects upon the bearers; who, after going through all the usual stages of intoxication, disappeared one by one, each, as he sank down overpowered, being carried off by his more sober companions to a short distance, and left to sleep off the poisonous effects. Helen was much amused by the way in which the owners of the karosses used as dishes appropriated their property. Simply rubbing off the rough fat, by dragging it a few yards along the grass, each wrapped himself closely in the greasy folds, and, with great complacency, lay down to let his warm skin imbibe the welcome oil."

The entire story is African in outline and colour, and whether or not "founded in fact" may interest imaginations of a particular class.

My Escape from the Mutinies in Oudh. By a Wounded Officer. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

We will not inquire how much of these amusing volumes is fact, and how much fiction. A chapter in the history of the Indian rebellion is not the less piquant for being interwoven into a pleasant novel of the legitimate size and character. On the whole, it is rather agreeable to be surprised, and to find under such a name as that borne by these volumes the history of a very gallant, interesting young gentleman, who commences life on the borders of the romantic Wye, sees much of the romance of war in a clime far, far away, returns to form a romantic attachment to the fair daughter of a most unromantic father, and after strange interruptions to his love winds up his story in the good old way with a happy wedding. Indeed, we rather prefer to take this view of the work before us. Were the whole narrative a strict reality, we should be obliged to comment on the very questionable taste of serving up family secrets, to tickle the palate of the public. Would any chivalrous young soldier record the baseness of his brother? Would he tell how the head of his family disgraced it, and himself, by a pusillanimous flight, when the faithful servant, who had saved his father's life, was being brutally murdered before his eyes? If it be almost incredible that an English officer and sportsman, backed by a sturdy keeper, should fly from an encounter with two ruffian poachers, it is far more incredible that a brother should tell how a brother's commission was lost by such an act. Nor can we think a delicate lover would reveal to the garish eye of day all those fond yearnings which are best kept curtailed in the shadows of the heart. Yet "here, at Ullswater, from his beautiful cottage, reflecting itself in the water below, in perfect happiness with the Amy for whom he underwent so much," has he pourtrayed all those scenes over which jealous love is wont to throw a veil.

So, then, we would not have this story wholly true, and being minded to have it feigned, we can find arguments enough on which to base our fancy. The escape itself from massacre in Oudh, though it has many resemblances to more than one truthful narrative, seems to be not one consistent whole, but made up from several stories. But of this hereafter. One thing we hold as certain,—amusing fiction is better than dull fact.

We have called these volumes amusing, and certainly the dialogue with which page after page is filled, is lively, and in general natural. Occasionally, however, there is rather more paint than the canvas can well bear. We can hardly think this scene between two Indian officers very truthful:—

"As we proceeded more into the Desert, the dust increased, which, added to the smoke emitted by the Captain, became a great nuisance, and tended very considerably to raise the ire of the Major, whose curses at the dust, smoke and road, had for some miles past been more deep than loud. At length, breaking from the *sotto voce*, he exclaimed, that 'Smoking was a beastly habit and ought not to be allowed,' then came a pause, but no effect, as the Captain smoked on; seeing this, the Major leaning forward, requested 'Captain Nash would set a better example, and throw that beastly thing out of his mouth.' 'What?' asked the astonished Captain, who though usually a man of few words, now gave vent to his injured feelings in quite a long speech for him. 'What! throw away my baccy!—what! for you? What the devil do you mean by calling my baccy beastly? I'll tell you

what, old growl-hard ! 'tis a precious deal better baccy than ever you smoked, or are likely to smoke. Chuck away my cheroot, oh ! beastly cigar, don't you wish you may get it ?—'But I insist and order.'—'Order be d—d. I won't,' replied the Captain.—'I'll report you, Sir ! by Heavens, Sir, charges shall be sent in against you directly we get to India !'—'Send away, old fellow; what's the first charge to be ? For having smoked baccy—eh ! What the devil brought you here if you can't stand smoke ? Nobody wants you, I'm sure,' replied Captain Nash.—'I came because I chose,' replied the Major, and getting angry, he added, 'if you don't take that cheroot out of your mouth, I will.'—'Well,' smiled the Captain, 'just try it; and if I don't give you something to grumble for, my name is—Stiggins !' To us cadets this row was intense fun ; we, fully making up our minds to the journey being ended with a duel, or at least seeing the two come to blows. But our hopes were frustrated by the Major's correcting his speech, and saying, 'I mean, Captain Nash, that I will find means to prevent your smoking, and encouraging the young men to do so also, by your example.' 'It's a pity you can't say what you mean then,' smoked out the Captain. Then, turning himself back in his seat, lapsed into silence.

It must be confessed, indeed, that the description of regimental life in these pages does not impart a very exalted idea of the *morale* of the Bengal army. Irascible, ignorant and tyrannical commanding officers, and slang-talking, smoking, drinking and dissatisfied subalterns form the staple commodity of the book. Of the higher order of natives, or "niggers," as the wounded officer terms them, very little is said, and the author's taste seems to have been to eschew their acquaintance as much as possible.

Soon after his arrival in the country, we are told that Mr. Villars (such is our hero's assumed name) joined his regiment in that memorable Sikh war, in which the empire of India so often trembled in the balance. The battles of Sobraon and Chilianwalla are vigorously painted. Here is an introductory sketch to the former action :—

"Things were thus, when the siege train arrived from Delhi. Now began a stir in our camp, and Rummur, with its hundred tongues, fixed the day of the attack. However, nothing was known for a certainty until the 9th of February. On entering the park of artillery, I found both men and officers of that branch busy in cutting fuses and loading shell, preparing for the bloody struggle on the morrow. To have seen the groups, little would one have supposed that ere that time the next day, many would be no more, and that a deadly combat would have ensued. Here were a body of officers cutting fuses and joking with each other; near them were men filling shells and fixing fuses, which shell when prepared had chalked on it some direction, which if of a facetious kind, was read with roar of laughter. One large shot and shell were written such directions as these, 'With my combs.' 'Mind your eye !' 'Oh !' 'Two pills to be taken at bed-time.' 'No admittance except on business.' 'Mr. Tej Singh, with care.' 'The doctor,' and a host of others, far too numerous to be mentioned or remembered. The same afternoon spikes were served out to each regiment, and every preparation made for the coming struggle. The arrangements were, that the force was to be ready under arms by four A.M., and strict silence preserved. At mess, was a boisterous scene, a good deal of wine drank, and toasts given; 'Confusion to our enemies,' being drunk in tumblers. After this, the steadier portion of the officers, in which were included Famine and myself, went to our tents, and slept as we best could, until awoken long before dawn by the sentry, as he whispered through the tent-door, 'that it was time to rise.'"

To this sketch we must append another, of Sir Charles Napier at the famous review, when 40,000 soldiers of the English government passed before the Governor-General at Lahore, at the conclusion of the first Sikh war :—

"Conspicuous in this gorgeous throng was the old Scinde conqueror, whose awful boots, solar topee and undress uniform, drew particular attention. There he sat on his Arab charger, apparently lost to all around, but the movements of the army before him. The Scinde chief obtained as much notice from the singularity of dress, as from any other cause. The ill-made hunting boots, grizzled beard, straggling to the waist, and solar topee, seemed out of place; better adapted for the wilds of Australia than at a general review, at which the troops were all clean and in uniform. But, perhaps, Sir Charles, as he liked singularity, preferred being so in this instance; or being anxious to prove that baggage was not necessary for officers, came without any, even omitting the shirt, towel, and bit of soap."

The fatal field of Chilianwalla is drawn with so much exactness that we must believe the author was an eye-witness of what he describes. Had he contented himself with a graphic relation of such events and an unexaggerated narrative of his Indian career, dispensing with the romantic portions of the book, his work would have taken a higher place than can now be assigned to it. The following is his description of the advance and retreat at Chilianwalla :—

"Hour after hour I had heard struck in the lines, still the hum of voices continued; at length exhausted nature could hold out no longer, and I awoke not until the second bugle had rung out the call for parade. 'Why did you not call me ?' I asked the bearer as he brought me my sword; and, as usual, I placed my revolver in my waist-belt. 'I overslept myself, Sir,' said he. 'Your horse is ready, Sir, and turn to the right.'—'Why,' said I, 'are the Major and Adjutant gone ?'—'Yes, Sir, ride quickly,' said the man, and with a passing thought that his manner was rather odd, I galloped at speed to the parade-ground. As I passed through the centre street of the lines I heard rather a heavy firing; and the ping of more than one bullet over-head said something unusual was occurring. Still I galloped on until clear of the lines: when before me in uniform, and scattered over the parade-ground were the Sepoys, occupied in shooting at and bayonetting their officers. Behind and around were hundreds of yelling fanatics thirsting for my blood, their arms red with that of my brother officers: here, as I galloped wildly about, not knowing which way to turn, I came upon the body of the Colonel, lying hacked and stiff near the carcass of his charger. Around, sometimes singly, and at another in a little heap of three, lay mangled other officers, their faces now pale with death. A volley in my face turned my horse; and seeing a figure, something like an officer, riding hard far away to the right, I endeavoured to overtake him. 'Bagh, bagh, dina.' 'Fly, fly to the right,' said a Sepoy of the Grenadier Company, placing his musket close to my back. 'Why?' I asked, seeing by the man's face that he was friendly; and slightly checking my horse as I spoke. 'Bagh dina,' again said the man—'or I must kill you.' And as if to hasten my departure, and make his murdering comrades think he was intent upon taking my life, he fired his musket close behind me. One hurried look I took at the man, and hearing the report of his musket, imagined that he had missed his aim, having found the temptation too much for him. But catching his eye, as I pressed my horse's side, I saw that the fired musket was to withdraw the suspicion of his comrades. Many were the shots sent after me by the maddened men. Some I think intentionally aimed low, for as I passed within but two yards, to have hit me would have been easy. Now, as I got near the Sergeant's bungalow, did one fellow try to seize my horse's rein, and in another moment was trampled under foot; the brave old Arab clearing the would-be murderer with a bound. Bang, bang, came a couple of shots from an out-house; and I was nearly surrounded by a party of men; their hands and clothes stained red with the blood of some of the Sergeant's family, who had refused to go with the ladies to Lucknow. Dropping the reins, I drew my revolver, and as I fired, down fell, writhing in agony, the Havildar-major. Another shot at the

few men with him, and I passed beyond their reach. 'Help me !' said a voice I knew to be the Major's; and drawing the rein slightly, I looked towards the spot from whence it came. The next instant, from behind some sticks, rushed Morris, and simply saying 'gallop,' he seized the stirrup, and kept up with my horse's hand-gallop. A few random shots were sent at us by the party returning from the now burning bungalow, and we were clear. It was no time for speaking, or being tired, and for four miles did Morris keep up with the cantering horse; then dismounting, I took his place, and with Morris in the saddle did the gallant animal pursue his way onwards. No word had been exchanged. Hot and tired though we were, still there was danger in one moment's delay. At last, exhausted, I fell; and then the rein was tightened. Tired and feverish, we withdrew from the open plain; and, under the shadow of some date-trees, the old Arab and ourselves drank deeply from the small stream near."

A severe wound, which necessitated the amputation of his arm, and health broken by exposure during the campaign, compelled the wounded officer to return to England. His father, who had shown an undue partiality to his elder brother, and been rewarded by the ingratitude and misconduct of the latter, now receives our wounded hero with all the proud satisfaction with which a soldier might be expected to hail a son under such circumstances. Among the invitations, which pour in, is one to meet the rich, reforming, consequential and vulgar county member. This worthy—a disciple of the Cobden School—rails at the aggressiveness of Indian statesmen,—denounces the wars in which Mr. Villars has taken part, and sneers at his retirement from active service. At last, incensed at these vulgar attacks, Villars publicly bids him refrain from addressing him again. Soon after, a young lady—a friend of our hero's sisters—comes to pay a long visit at St. Helen's—the residence of his father Major Villars. The fair visitant is beautiful and accomplished,—and the result that might be expected follows. Our hero becomes attached to Amy Jones, whose sweet-sounding Christian name fitly represents the young lady herself, and the patrimonial her less gifted sire, who is, in fact, the vulgar county member, whose acquaintance Villars had for ever disclaimed. Love, like hunger, brings down proud stomachs, and Mr. Villars is obliged to sue to the man whom he had so lately affronted. It is now the Member's turn to repel,—and after many weary efforts to shake the angry father's resolve, our hero is compelled to embark once more for India, but not before he has obtained an interview with his beloved, and plighted, and received back, pledges of eternal constancy. He returns to his regiment, which is one of those ordered to occupy the newly-annexed territory of Oudh. Then comes the Mutiny, and after a long period of torturing suspense his corps joins in the revolt. The outbreak is thus described :—

"Artillery to the front," was the order, as we came to the halting ground at Chilianwallah. Then a pause—bugles rang out. Then the heavy rolling sound of the gun carriage wheels as they crashed through the low jungle at a quick trot. 'Bang, Bang,' and loud roared the dread artillery. All stood ready; but the dense jungle in front prevented our knowing where the enemy lay. The shot now playing in our ranks told us they were to the front; and for us that was enough, we counted the seconds until the order to advance should be given. 'Steady, 76,' said the Major. 'Capt. Ewart,' he continued to the second in command, 'I see a movement of the troops to our right, will you ascertain what orders have been given ?'—'Yes, Sir,' said Ewart, plunging his spurs into his charger, and in a minute bringing information that orders were given for deployment. 'Deploy into line upon her Majesty's—regiment,' called out our

Major; and steadily did the brave old corps do so, whilst here and there a shot from our concealed enemy thinned our ranks. 'To the front, quick march,' said the Major, echoing the General's order. A flight of bullets from the jungle in front, was the answer to the order. Then one instant's delay, and the — Division rushed into the thicket. On, onwards through briar and thorn, with shot and musketry ploughing the ground around. Now, in an open spot showed the enemy. 'Hurrah!' shouted ten thousand voices, heard above the cannons' roar; and the division closed upon them with the bayonet. A volley, a cheer, and we met. But an instant did they stand the shock; then onwards we swept, to suddenly find ourselves attacked on all sides by artillery. Crash, came in the shot, making frightful havoc in our already diminished numbers. 'Charge!' roared out the Major, and the 76th rushed at the flame in front of them. A volley, and we were once again hand to hand with the foe, bayoneting him at his guns. Still ceased not the havoc, and we found ourselves overpowered and surrounded. To proceed was madness, to retire seemed impossible; no longer cheered our men, but the fixed features, and musket tightly clenched, said they would do, or die. 'The regiment will retire,' called out Ewart, who appeared now to be in command; and steadily they went about, but this seemed not to affect our position, the deadly fire on us still continuing. 'Double,' was the order to the — to our right, and we took it up. Retracing our steps in confusion, we retired. Once again we passed the open space, where first commenced the action; and now came the low jungle, how much it was prized! Still rained the grape, and the cry of 'Cavalry upon us,' added, if possible to the difficulty of our position. Thinner and thinner became our ranks. Broken and disorganized we rushed into the jungle, the wounded to drop or die, and those yet uninjured to hasten towards the camp. It was reached with night, and with it closed on some the horrors of that day. Such of the wounded as were near were brought in, sought for in the pouring rain, which now fell cold and drearily. Then the wearied survivors prepared to pass the night by bivouacking on the ground, occupied by themselves previous to the action. Tired and thirsty, I had, accompanied by Belleisle, tried to bring in as many of our poor wounded fellows as possible; but the utter darkness that set in soon made further search impracticable, so we returned to the bivouac, and passed in the wretched freezing rain, a night of misery and uncertainty. We knew not how matters had fared on the whole, or as to who or what casualties had occurred even in our own corps. Such is war; and with thanks to the Giver of all things both good and evil, and for preserving me, I fell asleep, sleeping soundly until sunrise. Indeed, only awaking then by being asked by Belleisle to resume our search for the wounded, and to avoid being half drowned by deep pools of water around, the result of a night's pouring rain. Soon after this, all the troops were assembled. The chief came down the line, being loudly cheered; and then arrangements were made for shelter against the frightful storm of wind and rain, which continued with unabated violence."

The fugitives—through many perils, and after suffering extremities of want, supporting life on lizards and frogs, lying *perdu* in caves and beds of torrents, terrified by cut-throat villains by day and tigers by night—escape through the aid of a benevolent fakir across the Nipalese Hills to Nyne Tal. There they recruit their exhausted frames and share in the victories over the Bareilly rebels sent out to storm their mountain retreat. In one of these encounters Villars is again wounded,—and receives consolation for his hurt in the tidings that the obdurate father of his beloved is dead, and has left a handsome fortune to his daughter, who now longs to welcome her lover back. The story winds up with our hero's return to England, his marriage, and relinquishment of the service. Here, then, we have an excellent plot well worked out, and we feel sure that if

Mr. Villars will, for his next literary performance, undertake a novel, contrive as good a plot, and work it out as well, the book will be eminently successful.

English Surnames, and their Place in the Teutonic Family. By Robert Ferguson. (Routledge & Co.)

To those persons who are acquainted with the 'Personenamen, insbesondere die Familiennamen, und ihre Entscheidungssarten,' of August Friedrich Pott, the plan of Mr. Ferguson's work will not present any novelty. The object of the author is to " vindicate the antiquity, and to assert the nobility of our English names, to explain their meaning, and to assign their place in the Teutonic family." We were not aware that there existed a very general opinion that a majority of our names was not as old as Anglo-Saxon times; and Mr. Ferguson in maintaining that they are thus ancient, and that many of them "remount to the highest Teutonic antiquity," advances an opinion that we, for our own parts, are not in the least disposed to dispute. In a field which the author allows to be wide and difficult, Mr. Ferguson has laboured with great industry, and his own assertion, that in his labours "there will be much to correct," saves us any unnecessary trouble in attempting to prove what the author already admits. He is, however, an earnest worker, and if the result of his work is not altogether satisfactory, this is not for want of effort in a conscientious man to render it so. The plan of his book is in this wise. Through a series of chapters, the names are divided under different heads,—chiefly those derived from old mythology and hero-worship, from relationship, nationality, physical characteristics, mental and moral qualities, offices, or occupations. Then we have lists of names taken from trees, plants, metals, war, arms, and warlike vocations, sea and sea-life,—names expressive of peace, friendship, and affection, with local, old Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian names. The arrangement is not to be found fault with; but it must be allowed, and we think Mr. Ferguson himself will not deny it, that the book is, after all, rather suggestive than conclusive. In almost every page the derivations of names are rather submitted for approval than argumentatively or arbitrarily assigned. This, so far from lowering the painstaking author in our opinion, has an opposite influence. A rasher and a less modest man would, probably, have pointed out sources and origins of names, and have bidden us accept him as Sir Oracle in the matter, and have no doubt as to his efficiency. In quite another spirit, Mr. Ferguson submits his thoughts rather than conclusions, with a "this might be so," or a "probably," or "it would appear," or, in substance, that this is certainly as I say, unless, indeed, it probably may be something else which I have not thought of. We will cite a very moderate illustration of this in the following passage:

"Then we have Quin, Queen, which might be from Goth. *quina*, Old Norse *quenna*, Ang.-Sax. *cwén*, a woman, Eng. 'queen.' But here again an Old Germ. Quino comes in as a man's name, and Förstemann takes it to be an aspirated form of Wino. So that Quenell, which might be a diminutive of *cwén*, woman, as Mannell of Mann, may also be an aspirated form of Winnilo. And Quinch, Winch, which might be another diminutive, showing the formation of our word 'wench,' may correspond with an Old Germ. *Winicho*, and Mod. Germ. *Winecke*."

Now, it would be impossible to assert that any one is the wiser for aught here told; and yet it were easy to communicate something more definitive on this point. We believe that

Quin, Queen, Quean, &c., may be fairly traced to the Greek γυνή—a woman. Thence comes—or from the source whence the Greeks had their term, an Eastern source—the Gothic Quino, the Anglo-Saxon Cvaen or Cven (which is marvellously like the modern pronunciation of Her Majesty's title by the least educated of the lowest classes, namely, *Kiveen*), and the other forms in which this word is found, such as Queno, Chena, Kona. Among the titles of works consulted by Mr. Ferguson, we do not find the modest yet able 'Wörterbuch' of Konrad Schwenck. We have not the volume to refer to, but we know, from a note made therefrom, that Schwenck, in dealing with the titles and names *king* and *queen*, states that they imply both knowledge and power; that they are derived from the Anglo-Saxon *cennan*—*to know*, which word had, originally, an affinity with *Konen*, "to be able," and also "to beget." He points to a similar affinity in the Greek γιγνώσκειν and γίγνεσθαι, and in the Latin *noescere* (*gnoscere*) and *nasci* (*gnasci*). In old High German, *Chunure* was the chief of a race (*Chunni*; whence probably the nouns *kin* and *kind*);—and the race hailing a father in its chief, acknowledged in its chieftainess the queen, woman, mother, as it were, of the entire tribe.

Leaving these royal and significant names for something in connexion with kings and their ministers, we may mention a pleasant reason for the name of Offa, or Eiffa, the strong-bodied but weak-minded sovereign so called. Mr. Ferguson suggests the etymon of his name as being the Anglo-Saxon *nuf* or *haf*, an owl; English "oaf," a fool, blockhead. In a subsequent page of the volume, he remarks that a name which seems to be equivalent to *oaf* was borne by several of a royal line; and another name, *Dodda*, which may mean blockhead, was borne (and signed in important documents) by a "prince," a "minister," and other persons of note. What immortal races are those here mentioned! and will they ever entirely cease? Will there ever be wanting one King Oaf, at least, in the *Almanach de Gotha*?—and will there ever be a cabinet without its Dodda, or blockhead, doing his little best to increase the universal "muddle," and looking complacently at the stars on his breast and the strings in his button-hole, the glittering acknowledgments of his laborious mischievousness?

The following passage is among the best contained in Mr. Ferguson's volume. It is in reference to a well-known question: "Who gave you this name?"

"Truly then the question, 'Who gave you this name?' if it could be answered rightly—and in many instances it can—would give us interesting records. One might say—'Eight centuries ago an Anglo-Saxon bravely withstood the Norman usurpation, and so harassed their forces by his stratagems that he was surnamed Pratt, or the crafty—therefore it is that I am called Pratt.' Another might say—'A Northman had a son mischievous and full of pranks, so that he was called Lok, after the god of mischief. Steady enough our family has become since then. We have produced the most sober of philosophers—one of the most practical of engineers—yet still we bear the name of Locke from the mischief of our ancestor.' And a third might say—'See you your white horse cut on the turf of the southern down—whence came that white horse came my name. The great Roman historian tells us how our ancestors held the white horse sacred. Hence, when the early invaders wrested the soil from its British owner, they stamped it with this as the sign at once of their victory and of their faith. And, unconsciously as the Wiltshire peasant does reverence to the heathen symbol when he annually clears away the grass from the outlines of the white horse, as his fathers have done for perhaps

a thousand years before him, so do I, good Christian as I am, preserve a record of that same pagan superstition in my name of Hincks.⁴ The etymology of proper names is the only branch then of the subject which can in any sense be called popular; for most men, even of those who care not to enquire the origin of the language they speak, feel some interest or curiosity in knowing the meaning of the names they bear."

If Mr. Ferguson's volume will not enable them in every instance to obtain this knowledge, it will do so in many; and, if his book be not found to furnish knowledge much desired, but yet to be sought for, it may very fairly be regarded as a praiseworthy supplement to existing works on the same subject.

Supplement to the Record of the House of Gurnay. By Daniel Gurney, Esq. (Printed for private distribution only.)

This Supplement considerably enriches one of the most elaborate of our modern family histories. The Record is, from its size and the learned nature of much of its contents, not suited for popular circulation; but it is a storehouse from which a popular family history might be written, and it has taken its place in the most important libraries of the kingdom. Like all good books of the class, it contributes to the history of social life and manners,—of that part of a nation's development which (strange to say) is generally the least known, worst written, yet most important of any!

There is something, indeed, more peculiar and more illustrative of English changes in the story of the Gournays than in that of almost any other house whose annals have been written. The warlike exploits, and then the decay of a great line, are old narratives. How the Staffords were last traced to a cobbler who never advanced *ultra crepidam*,—how the De Veres, by a still worse fate, closed in a twentieth earl who tainted his long stream with shame,—the decay of the Hiltons,—the spectacle of a descendant of the Dudleys taking toll at a turnpike within sight of the towers that gave name to the barony of which he was co-heir,—these are familiar pictures to the students of genealogy. There is a sameness in the tales, in which the children of men,

Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent,

are shown to have sunk into those obscure positions where if there is little room for pleasure, there is still less for pride. And it must be admitted, too, that the element of poetry is often wanting in such histories. Ruins are nothing if not picturesque. Melrose, says Sir Walter, ought to be seen by moonlight. Tacitus profoundly remarks, in describing the death of one of the Emperors, that its vulgarity destroyed pity,—*deformitas exitus misericordiam abstrus*. Just so, your Cecropides, content to be a cobbler, or fit to be a toll-man, only makes ludicrous the pedigree which ought to elevate him. He should show in action the blood of which he is proud. When Lord Napier some years back discovered the heir-male of Buccleugh, he found him in a tough old sergeant in the army who had served over half the globe. Somehow, the sword still carries dignity with it, and we are not shocked at such a discovery as we are by the prosaic instances of degeneracy to which we have thus alluded. Now, here lies the originality of the Gournay history. That great old baronial family has proved itself as fit for modern as for ancient life. It turned its sword into a ploughshare as feudalism declined. Like an ancient oak made into a good vessel

⁴ Hincks is no doubt a corruption of Hengist or Hingest, which signifies a stallion. Some traditions make Hengist a Frisian, in which language the word is *hingst*, which approaches nearer to Hincks. In the names of places Hincks has become changed into Hinks, as in Hinksey, Berks.—Ang.-Sax. *Hengestesige*.—*Cod. Dip. Ang.-Sax.*

of a thousand tons, it has buffeted the waters of modern life, and brought home ample cargoes. The *engrailed cross* flies still from the mast-head; but the craft is an honest merchantman. To drop imagery,—is it not a singular thing to see a family of country gentlemen and bankers with an unbroken pedigree to the very depths of the Middle Ages?—immersed in commercial pursuits and modern business, though descended from Mortimers, Lovells, and De Warrens,—only showing the spirit which founded abbeys and joined crusades in the quieter form of a zeal for the schemes of nineteenth-century philanthropy? There is a poetry about this, rightly viewed, superior to the poetry of decay, and more cheerful than sentimentality among ruins. The case, too, is almost unique. The Baruchs are, indeed (as Boswell does not fail to remark), sprung from the long-descended Barclay, the Quaker, and their blood is as good as their beer. But so far from there being another instance in our business houses of a proved descent from Doomsday Barons in the male line, we scarcely know any noble families which can establish as much, except the St. Johns, Byrons, Talbots, and Berkeleys in the English peerage,—in the Scotch one, the Lindsays and Bruces,—in the Irish, the Fitzgeralds and De Courneys. There are many Norman families in the three countries, no doubt; but their ancestors were not tenants *per baroniam* at that time; and several, we suspect, rose out of such undignified tenures as “by scalding the King's hogs,” or “keeping his palfreys.” It is sufficiently singular, and, we add, *English*, that so rare a genealogical honour should belong to a private family.

It is less singular, and it also is English, that the original baronial names of the Conquest should be unfamiliar to the public. Who ever hears of Munchensi, or Pantulf, or Monfichet, or Peverel, or would remember Gurnay if fortune had not favoured it under its new form—Gurney, in modern times? The early history of this last race is Norman all over, and may illustrate that of others long forgotten and passed away. We have a follower of Rollo's (but the age is too dark for us to see him distinctly), whose descendants become lords of Gournay and of Bray, Hugh finds the Priory of La Ferté, *circa A.D. 990*. Two Hugh De Gournays are at the Battle of Hastings, the father, an old man,

— Li viel Hue de Gornal,
Ensemble o li sa gent de Bral,

says the “Roman de Rou.” Both Hughs had grants of land from William—the *caput baroniae* being in Norfolk, still the stronghold of the name. But the direct line chiefly adhered to Normandy, in all the struggles in which it is visible taking a leading part. Hugh the third died a monk in the Abbey of Bee, which he had largely endowed. Gerard, his son (who married Editha De Warren), went with Duke Robert to the Crusade in 1096, and, subsequently, died on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Hugh the fourth, who succeeded, also assumed the Cross, and died in the Holy Land,—having previously fought in all the turbulent struggles of his time. The main or chief stock expired with Hugh De Gournay the sixth, in 1239; and is represented, through females, by the Stapletons.

An ancient branch of the Gournays existed in Somersetshire. Of this, was Sir Thomas, one of the murderers of Edward the Second, whose son, however, was a conspicuous warrior under that King's successor. The Somersetshire branch expired with Matthew de Gournay, Baron of Guineville, in 1406; nor are we aware that any cadets of it have survived to modern times. The modern establishment of the name

is due to a younger house of great antiquity in the eastern counties,—one of whose members is author of the family history, the Supplement to which has suggested this article.

The patriarch, or *homo propositus*, of this well-known family of Gurneys, was Walter de Gurnay, who held lands in Suffolk in the time of Stephen. The proof that he was of the genuine stock is complete; for his son William is found holding a portion of the fief of Bray, which had been severed from it by the operation of the *tenure in parage*, by which, in Normandy, younger brothers acquired property *pari conditione* with the elder. From Walter and William came a long line of country gentlemen in Norfolk, who seem never to have risen above or fallen below that honourable old status. All that research can do with such a family is to bring to light a will or two, and to establish the descent from public records. For the rest, the imagination is left to picture what it can,—grave old county potentates in moated manor-houses, helping to govern their own region, pasturing flocks of sheep, coursing with wary hounds, and finally slumbering in country churches, where stray sunbeams wandered over their resting-places, coloured from the heraldic windows bright with their quarterings. It would take a space far beyond any which we can spare, to evolve from the antique materials a completer account of this life. Something of its simplicity and quaintness is visible in the poems (published in this Supplement) of a Henry Gurnay who lived in Queen Elizabeth's time. Norfolk men especially will read them with interest, from the facts they give (though in a sufficiently dry manner) about the old economy of the county. Here are his views about the “commons” of antique times:

The Third or more of all our Norffl. grounde
Is Comon to poore as well as Rich
wch doth the wch of better sortes co founde
& causeth poore with Idlenes to itch
while they do trust of co'moninge of feede
to have whereby to work they shall not neede.

So while ech seekes greedily to eat
his part at least if not a great deal more
not having hay nor straw for winter meat
his greater stock doth breed his greater sore
for winter's want doth cause those beastes to starve
wch somer's feede could scars in life p'serve.

By this we see that what at first was ment
for helpe of poore through franknes of the lorde
not only wantes the purposed event
but canseth them with hit not to accord
for if he seeke surcharging to restrayne
they say he shoules but at his private gayne.

But if they might be equally devideid
according to ech tenementes right and rate
the quarrels some shoule cease & be decided
wch ells will cause a lasting spence & hate
so shold the poore gaine more of sever'd acr
then when he is of thousand but p'taker.

Through Co'mon, or moore, or heath, or shack
mon suites arise, in Norffl in a year
then matters all, in shires wch such do lack
do mount vnto as by Records appearre
not only lordes & tenante be at Jarr
but Co'moners emong themselves do warr.

And in the following he gives us some insight into the relative opulence of families in the days of “Old Bess with the ruff”:

B. C. & C. D. G & G
J K & K. L
with P & P then S & T
fourteen in all do tell.

Be all I thinke within the shire
of Norffl to be founde
that only by their land by yeare
May spend a thousand pound.

Yet mean I not hereby that all
So have in their possession
but after age or jointure fall
Or other Tayl reverision.

Of wealthy gentry or of yeomanry
I think no shire so smale a rate doth yield
that is so large as touching quantity
& eke so rich in pasture, meede or field
the reasons why are partie shewd before
& wiser men can canses render more.

A nage through most of Norffl will in winter farther bearre
then quelding in each other shire at dryest tyme of yearre
for Norffl wantith steepe hill & dry soyle or tough
& stone & gravelly weyes to mend hath every wher though.

—The initials, in the first stanza, of those gentlemen in Norfolk who could afford to spend 1,000*l.* a year, I conjecture to mean Bacon, Coke, Calthorpe, Drury, Gawdy, Grey (De Grey), Jerningham, Kerville, Knivett, Lestrangle, Paston, Pettus, Spelman, and Townshend. I should not have thought with Henry Gurnay, that the proportion of wealthy gentry and yeomanry either in his day or at the present was small as compared to other counties."

In the seventeenth century this family ("designed," as the Scotch say, of West Barsham and Great Ellingham) was on the wane. But the decay of its territorial caused the growth of its mercantile prosperity. Francis, a sixth son of one of the latest proprietors, became a merchant in London. His grandson, John, engaged in the silk trade in Norwich, and laid the foundation of the modern opulence of his line. The old feudal activity took the form of commerce, and the old feudal piety of Quakerism; and thus from the loins of a rough old Norse viking came ultimately the practical zeal and eager tenderness of Mrs. Fry! Thus it is that history surprises us with strange developments, and that the history of one family may be the miniature of that of a nation.

This Supplement will be duly valued by the curious in family history, and confirms us in our old belief that that branch of literature contains within itself the capability of being made more generally interesting than has yet been thought possible.

The Daughter of the Cedars—[*La Fille des Cedres*.] By the Author of '*Pericles*' (Paris, Marius & Co.)

Woman, her Mission and her Life. By Adolphe Monod, D.D. (New York, Sheldon & Co.)

Select Discourses. By Adolphe Monod, Krummacher, Tholuck, and Julius Müller. Translated from the French and German by the Rev. H. C. Fish and D. W. Poor, D.D. (New York, Sheldon & Co.)

THE first book upon our list is a specimen of the new school of French religious fiction; and is interesting as showing the reaction against the morbid, sensual, highly-coloured style of novels which have made French fiction a bye-word and reproach. Protestantism, if not raising its head, is spreading wide its roots in France: and, apart from all theological grounds, we rejoice that it is so, because the movement is characterized by a gravity and austere propriety of tone and feeling which is a protest against the gospel of self-indulgence and unbridled licence of self-pleasing in all its forms, which is the leading idea of modern French fiction.

'*La Fille des Cèdres*' does not deal in strong emotions nor in vivid descriptions; it is free from the sentimentalisms which characterize Chateaubriand and Lamartine. It is decidedly *dry*, and it would have been better as a work of Art if the author had been endowed with a dash of genius as well as with the grace of good intentions; but the book is so wholesome both in tone and tendency that we compound for the absence of excitement,—and, indeed, we find it a good sign that a French tale without sentimentalism can find readers. There has evidently been much reading and honest research into the condition of sects and parties in the Christian Church in the eighth century, showing there have been *Protestors* and *Dissenters* from the earliest ages. The account of the Nestorians is interesting; and the description of the Second Council of Nice, held in A.D. 787—at which the worship of images and the penal laws against the Iconoclasts were decreed,—is exceedingly well done, although

from an entirely sectarian point of view,—for, of course, the heroes and heroines in '*La Fille des Cèdres*' are all heretics, or, as we might be inclined to call them, stanch Protestants; and the interest of the story turns on the persecution they underwent at the hands of the majority, and how they suffered "the loss of all things" for conscience sake. In these days it is impossible to get up any extensive sympathy for a sect, however blameless it may have been. Differences on points of religious dogma are felt to be more and more the private property of those whom they may concern, and that it would be as rude to make remarks on our neighbour's "persuasion" as upon the number of his servants, the colour of his liveries, or the *menu* of his table; but we are become in proportion more sensitively alive to the liberty of the subject. We reverence the great truths which men hold in common more than the points of difference. We may not care much for the disputed points in '*La Fille des Cèdres*', as in this country we have settled them long ago; but we rejoice that there is in France a large and apparently increasing class of readers to whom writers of fiction can appeal, whose interest does not lie with scenes and characters which run counter to all the opinions expressed by the Ten Commandments.

Adolphe Monod, whose name comes second on our list, was, as our readers are aware, an eloquent and popular French Protestant preacher. The translation of his best-known work, '*The Mission of Woman*', is as well executed as a translation can be; but the peculiar aptness and beauty of a French work always evaporate in translation. There is a speciality in French expression and French thought which will lend itself to no other tongue. With all his eloquence, Monod does not alter our opinion that women had far better be addressed as rational human beings, and the specialities of their position left to adjust themselves according to the laws of gravitation. Fortunately for the human race, good old Dame Nature is deaf to eloquent discourses, and goes on in her own way. In spite of all attempts to classify them, and to arrange their exact place in the economy of creation, women will not grow into their prescribed shape and make. They are living creatures, and the laws of life are too subtle for philosophers or even "sound divines" to administer; and it must, we should think, be excessively exasperating to women to be preached to and prescribed for, as though they were small and easily comprehended entities, quite within the powers of masculine legislation both for their souls and bodies,—though, to be sure, Nature has, by way of compensation, given them the faculty of never minding what is said to them!

The other volume—'*Select Discourses*'—contains specimens of Krummacher and Tholuck and Müller; and the German sermons are more in the English style and to English taste than those of the eloquent Frenchman. For those who like reading sermons, this American volume of translations and selections will be acceptable.

NEW NOVELS.

Eva Desmond; or, Mutation. 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—'Eva Desmond' is apparently a maiden effort: the author we should imagine to be very young, for there is a sanguine hopefulness, a lavishness in dealing out both joys and sorrows, and, above all, a fairy-like power of achieving wonderful results out of inadequate means, which an older hand would not—could not—have devised. All the events have the look of castles in the air, so easily are they raised, so very fair and charming to behold, without the roughness and irregularity which mark the habitations of mortal men; and

yet over all there is a certain air of actual life, marks of observation, traces of personal experience and investigation, a power of portraying things and people such as the author has evidently seen and known,—which would have been graphic were it not for the dream-like air of unreality which pervades the whole book. The result has, however, a certain charm for the reader, and draws him on through three ample volumes full of tedious details and long conversations and minute explanations, which clog the wheels of the story, making it drag heavily in many places. Eva Desmond, the heroine, is an Irish girl endowed with a forty-thousand-heroine power of perfection. That she is lovely goes without saying, as the French have it; but her cleverness fairly takes away the reader's breath. She sets her affections, in the first instance, on her cousin, a handsome young High-Church clergyman, who, as soon as he has ascertained that he has won her heart, listens to the voice of reason; and, on the plea that "he had not committed himself," backs out of the too-fascinating intercourse; and, at the request of friends, proceeds to marry a peculiarly hideous heiress, who is nearly an idiot, and has besides an hereditary taint of madness. Eva is, of course, very miserable, and very nearly dies; but she has all the rest of the novel to transact, so she gets well and consents to marry a young man, a wonderful scholar, of the Deminie Sampson type, and a very estimable, clever man besides, who is devotedly attached to her. She follows the sage advice of Mrs. Ellis, about the undesirability of a woman's telling the man she is about to marry about any predecessors there may have been in her affection. She says nothing at all about Ernest Clifton, but leaves Charles Stanhope to believe himself the first and entire possessor of her heart. Eva is not the least in the world in love with her husband, but she is, nevertheless, the good fairy of his life. She believes that Duty has taken the place of Love; and this duty she takes to be to push her husband on in life, to make him rise in the church. No man ever had such a wonder-working wife as Eva; but few women ever had so docile and believing a husband: the moral of which is, we suppose, that such men are sure in the end "to be handsomely rewarded." Eva's economical powers would be the envy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; and she beats all the housekeepers who have revealed themselves in the *Times*, out of the field, and leaves them nowhere. With an income of 200*l.* a year, she keeps a horse and carriage,—she furnishes her parsonage with an elegance and refinement which enable her to receive the aristocracy and gentry, and not be ashamed,—she has always a rich silk dress and handsome Indian shawl,—goes to a ball, where she is the most *distinguée* person in the room, and is enabled on that occasion to take a complete revenge on all the grand relations who had interfered between her and Ernest; and her appearance has such an effect on her recreant lover that he goes home and does not speak for three days,—she is always elegant, always well-dressed, always busy (for she writes a novel by which her publisher gains 700*l.*),—and she contrives to save a bag of money out of her household economies besides. But with all this, she goes about with a bleeding heart: the memory of her lost love is always in her thoughts; and her husband, good man, little dreams that, whilst she caresses him and makes him the happiest of mortals, the image of another is always present to her,—but "what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve,"—and her husband ascends the Jacob's Ladder of promotion till he finally sits down on the Bench of Bishops, and the curtain drops on the crowning glory of a dinner with the Queen at Windsor Castle,—a family of seven children and an adopted orphan whom Eva's miraculous powers of economy have maintained at College and made into a clergyman! We call Eva Desmond something like a heroine! The best part of the book is however the description of Eva Desmond's paternal home,—"the house begun on treble the scale it ought to have been," and unfinished at the end of fifteen years, with the carpenter's table still standing in the back drawing-room,—the best rooms still only "scratch coated," and no fire-grates in half

the rooms. Mr. Desmond, the father, is an excellently drawn character—his self-conceit and obstinate incapacity, and the Irish pride which varnishes over his mistakes and beautifies all discomfits;—this is drawn with a freedom of hand and firmness of touch which promise well for the author's future efforts. The other characters are not so well indicated. Ernest Clifton seems to have been combined out of two different ideas, he changes so completely from the first intention and fades away into quite another person; it is an ungracious part, and in the attempt to give him a few redeeming traits and to make him less contemptible, the effect of the whole becomes blotted and obscure. The other characters are mere shadows, though the author evidently intended them to stand for people. There is a good deal of facility evident in the book, but there is an occasional coarseness, a want of perception of the fitness of things, of what may be uttered and what would be better left unsaid and unsung. Some of the details are remarkable, and might have been omitted with advantage,—the description of Clara Neville, the ugly heiress, is a case in point.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The New El Dorado; or, British Columbia. By Kinahan Cornwallis. (Newby.)—Only a few months ago, and the Columbia river was little known, but for the stories of adventures of hunters on its banks. The Frazer river was still less known, except to those who remembered references to it in books of travel. The Thompson river was, probably, scarcely remembered at all, and known only to a select few. Now, those rivers are famous; especially the last two, at the confluence of which especially the discovery of gold has allured to the spot crowds of men eager to fight their battle of life, with glittering metal for their spoil—when they can get it. We refer our readers to maps of this portion of America, as the best means of obtaining a correct idea of the position and extent of British Columbia. The names they will find there will soon be among the sounds most familiar to us. Vancouver Island and the main, of which less than three-quarters of a century ago it was supposed to form an integral part, have become the stages on which the grand westward course of life has yet to develop itself. There is coal as well as gold, and no greater obstacles to the growth of a flourishing population than energy, fearlessness, and industry will ultimately surmount. The Gulf of St. Lawrence and the harbours of Vancouver will one day, if all go well, be connected by rail or canal; and civilization, extending itself, will bring our countrymen in the Colonies face to face with the Russians, who have secured standing ground in the northwest of America. Victoria, the capital of Vancouver, is looked upon by anticipation as the Liverpool of the Pacific; and from the American Mount Olympus, on the south of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, seers are discoursing and prophets are foretelling the wondrous changes yet to be accomplished,—when Desolation Sound shall echo with the shouts of joyous companies, and Rascals' Village be the seat of honesty, ready-money business, and church-goers. With respect to the volume of Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, we may say of it, that it is a good specimen of "book-making." One half is a fair compilation, giving us a history of the country and the Company, whose charter will so soon expire; with details of its trade, of the natural aspects of the locality, and sketches of the Indians by whom it is inhabited. This may have been done at home; and we cannot say of the personal adventures here detailed that they could not have been as easily imagined as experienced. Taking these details for as veracious as they profess to be, we do not find them either new or exciting; but there is enough of information in the volume to render it acceptable to those who really know little or nothing about it.

A Larger Grammar of the Tamil Language. In both its Dialects. By the Rev. G. U. Pope. (Madras, Hunt.)—This Grammar, written for the students in the Madras University, and dedicated to Lord Harris, first Chancellor of that University, and Governor of Madras, is an advance upon the first and second grammars published by the same

author, and presents technicalities and difficulties not to be found in those simpler works. The first part is written in the form of question and answer, with short examples interspersed; with exercises to show how far the student has understood the rules. The second part is the strictly native Tamil Grammar, containing the Nannil of Pavanandi, a work which affords much insight into the Tamil mode of thought. We translate a short extract, in which the different classes of pupils are described:—"A swan and a cow; Soil and a parrot; A pot with a hole in it; A goat and a buffalo and the web of a coco-nut tree: these represent the first, second, and lowest class of pupils." Lest our readers should be puzzled to extract the pith of this sententious comparison, we help them to the explanation, which is not to be found in the book. The swan is said by Hindoo writers to be able to separate milk from water, when those two fluids are mixed together; the cow is diligent in browsing, in order to ruminate at leisure. These then represent the discerning, diligent, and reflective pupils, or the first class. The soil produces only in proportion to its culture, and the parrot repeats merely what it is told. We need not explain how these represent pupils of the second class. The words of the instructor pass into one ear of the worst class of pupils and out at the other, as fluid passes through a pot with a hole in it. Equally unprofitable is teaching to the pupil who, like the goat, is perpetually skipping from one master to another, and from this system to that; or he who, like the buffalo, stirring up the mud before drinking, confuses his lesson before acquiring it. Lastly, the learner who loses the best of every lecture is like the web of the cocoa-nut, through which all but the refuse is strained. He, too, belongs to the third class. It will be seen that the lover of parables will have abundant means of gratifying his taste, and of acquiring Tamil at the same time; and to him we commend the book.

Landscape Photography. By Joachim Otté. (Hardwicke.)—The author informs us that he has written this book "to supply a want at present much felt by the tyro in photography," and he proceeds to inform us, that "there is no book by the assistance of which alone young photographers can start on their journeys, and without further instructions rely on taking pictures in the field." It is to be regretted that Mr. Otté should have written this passage. His book gives very clear descriptions of the various processes adapted for landscape photography, but in no respect clearer than those which are to be found in a dozen other manuals; but these will never enable a young man buying a camera obscura and chemicals to be certain of success. In photography, as in every other department of Art or Science, success is only to be secured by labour. Mr. Otté has felt this, and he subsequently adds:—"It is, however, much easier to promise success in the actual production of photographs mechanically perfect, than by any written directions, however carefully arranged, to insure artistically meritorious works." To the young student of the art we can recommend "Landscape Photography" as a very useful guide; but he must work diligently at home before he can hope to be successful in the field.

"Poetry," says Mr. T. Mitchell, M.A., author of *Palestine Revisited* (Webster), "may be termed the most delicate creation of literature. It is a field which no author can enter, except for the purpose of filling up some unperceived void." Easy to preach means hard to practise. Mr. Mitchell has chosen to open the field-gate,—yet, despite of his dogmatic "can," we cannot perceive that he has filled any void, even as tiny as the trace scratched amid the roots of grass by a lark's foot. He may be sensible in his intentions, but he is dolefully commonplace in their execution. His thoughts do not get much beyond the poetry, implied in such descriptions of nature as, "Day is light; night is dark." Let us illustrate by two verses.—

ON A VILLAGE CHURCH, NEAR THE SEA.

Time-honored pile, relic of former days,
Within whose walls our ancestors of yore
Their fervent prayers to Heav'n were wont to raise,
And the great Saviour of mankind adore.

Would that some mightier, holier harp than mine,
Were tuned in honor of thy ancient shrine!
Who, as he gazes on thy tower proud,
And rapturously walks thy walls around,
Would not draw contrast 'twixt the busy crowd,
And the tranquillity of holy ground?
Who would not say, in some such spot may I,
When this short life is ended, peaceful lie?

The void to be filled by such rhymesters as Mr. Mitchell exists in "the field" of their own self-knowledge.

Poems. By An Architect, (Hardwicke),—who published them (saith his Preface), because having talked a good deal of nonsense during his life, he thinks it as well to offer something more sincere in print, for compensation's sake,—are, by some steps, higher in the scale of worth than the verses just dismissed. 'Sigurd the Dane,' a rude Northern ballad, though not to compare with similar ballads by Mr. Motherwell (the last too much neglected), has still something of the storm and the sternness befitting a legend of the Sea-Kings. 'The Deserted Shrine' is of a sweeter, Southern melancholy.—

I stood among the Appenines,
Beside an old deserted shrine,
Dark cypresses sprung up close by,
Round which in wild luxuriance
Hung a thick clustering vine.

The rich brown valley spread below,
Encircled with a mountain wreath,
And softly flew the breezes by,
Like sounds of distant psalmody,
With spirit-haunted breath.

O'er votive garlands, long since dead,
The timid, graceful lizard crept;
The ground with ivy was o'erlain,
To shield the spot from step profane,
Where love and sorrow prayed and wept.

The fourth verse stops us, as being feebly prosaic. The beginning of 'The Withered Tree,' also, is picturesque. The requisite for his art wanting to our "Architect" is neither fancy nor feeling, but constructive and sustaining power,—without which no creation (as he need scarcely be reminded), be it tall as the Fonthill Tower, or transparently fantastic as the spire of St.-Denis, can stand. "To dream" ensures the materials for poetry,—"to do" makes the poet.

Cromarty: being a Tourist's Visit to the Birthplace of Hugh Miller. By Nicholas Dickson. (Glasgow, Murray.)—All that is good in this book, and that is a very large portion of it, belongs to Hugh Miller. George the Third gave the timbers of a French man-of-war (a prize) to the elder Astley, who therewith erected the old Olympie Theatre, and Mr. Astley might as well have called himself the grower of the wood as Mr. Dickson might call himself the author of a book, the only sound materials in which come from Hugh Miller.

The Monks of Kilkrea—[*Les Moines de Kilkré. Poème-ballade, traduit de l'Anglais.*] By the Chevalier de Chatelain. (Pickering.)—The greater his practice the more skilful and ready and truthful his hand—is a remark we are justified in making, after examining the Chevalier's former translations and comparing therewith the agreeable volume before us. The original is, probably, known to most of our readers, and this French rendering of it is very remarkable for a fidelity of form and spirit which the Chevalier must at times have found it more usually difficult to preserve. It is a book, too, well adapted to the peculiarities—that is, the peculiar beauties—of the Pickering editions.

Church of England Monthly Review. (Bell & Daldy.)—It is not our custom to criticize critiques, or to do more than register the titles of periodicals whose province is more purely theological. The review before us, however, is so frank and fearless in tone, its spirit is so wisely progressive, and its articles seem to be marked by such manifest ability, that we willingly give sentence in its favour. The volume for the year consists of fifty-one essays and reviews—on preaching, education, family life, workhouses and women's work, crime, and the state of the streets, with interesting biographical notices. The work is under a new direction, and is every way deserving of encouragement.

Some slight educational miscellanies claim a line of notice. *The Proper Use of Shall and Will Fully Explained*, by the Rev. John Fawcett (Nutt); *The Small Boys' Mythological Primer in Rhyme*, by E. A. (Wyand & Son); *The Little Philosopher*;

or, the Science of Familiar Things, by Thomas Tate, F.R.A.S. (Longman & Co.),—and *La Chronologie Mnémonique* applied to the history of France, by Madame E. Bertini (Dulau & Co.).—*Our Mourning Customs*, reprinted from a religious newspaper (Whitfield), is the suggestion of a reform in modern funeral practices.—*Burning a Theological Book* is a pamphlet containing a speech by Mr. P. A. Taylor, on Theological Censorship in Mechanics' Institute Libraries. It is only necessary to mention a reprint (Stanford) of Mr. Bright's late speech on *Legislation and Policy for India*,—and of the *Isthmus of Suez Canal* (Clay), Mr. Robert Stephenson's Letter.

Meers. Routledge have reprinted from the 'Times' Mr. G. W. Cooke's letters on *China*,—and Vol. I. of a new edition of Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*,—also an enlarged edition of Mr. Rarey's *Art of Taming Horses*.—Mr. Bohn has added to his "Standard Library" Lord King's *Life of Locke*,—to his "Historical Library" Vol. IV. of Pepys' *Diary and Correspondence*,—and to his "Illustrated Library" Vol. II. of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.—Of new editions we have *Margaret Percival*, by the Author of "Amy Herbert" (Longmans),—*Saintine's Picciola*, with English notes, by Dr. Dubuc (Whittaker),—and Mangnall's *Historical and Miscellaneous Questions* (Hardwicke).—We have, reproduced from Magazines, Vol. II. of *Tales from 'Blackwood'* (Blackwood),—*Leaves from Lakeland*, by J. Payn (Hamilton),—and Rosa's *Summer Wanderings* (Masters).—The following have come to second editions:—*The History of the British Empire in India*, by E. Thornton, Esq. (Allen & Co.),—Hicklin's *Handbook to Llandudno* (Whittaker),—*Physic and its Phases: a Didactic Poem*, by Aleijphon (Simpkin),—*Hours of Sun and Shade*, by Ude Montgomery (Partridge),—*Dates in Daniel and the Revelation*, by E. T. Eyton (Houlston),—and *Family Prayers for a Fortnight*, by the Rev. R. Eaton (Wertheim).—The fourth edition of Tegetmeier's *Manual of Domestic Economy* (Groombridge) is now out.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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PULPIT POLITICAL LITERATURE IN FRANCE

The ceremony of divine worship at the Tuileries is, in reality, one of the pleasant bits of dissipation of the Parisian week. The ceremony is one of full dress and opera-glasses; and when the entire audience, or congregation, are in their places, scented, polished, well-behaved,—some contemplating their distant friends or remarkable strangers through their glasses, others discussing matters of interest in a subdued tone, and a select few carrying on very quiet, unostentatious, but unmistakeable flirtations,—then takes place an act of decided worship. The voice of an official announces the coming of their Imperial Majesties, and the august appearance is acknowledged with greater demonstration of respect than is awarded by the worshippers to the Lord of Heaven and of Earth. Exquisite music and a short sermon bring the ceremony to a satisfactory close.

On these occasions, however, the sermons are not the less significant for being short; and, perhaps, of all those which have been preached before, to, or at the Emperor of the French, none have been so significant as those of Father Ventura—a priest and missionary of wide celebrity, great earnestness, tremendous purpose, unusual daring, and corresponding dullness. This father preached a course of sermons in presence of the Emperor and Empress in the chapel of the Tuileries, during the Lent of 1857. Then, as now, there was no liberty of the press in France, but the preacher understood that there was, and very properly, a certain liberty of the pulpit; and a clerical gentleman might discuss the future political system of France, as suggested by himself, when a literary gentleman dared not allude to, much less invent one.

The sermons thus delivered by Father Ventura have been published in a collected form, under the comprehensive head of "*Le Pouvoir Politique Chrétien*," and, as a literary work containing some very extraordinary views, and ways of putting them, may claim a word of notice and of record in this portion of our paper. The book is, in fact, a party manifesto. It is the *pronunciamiento* of a class who would fain carry us back to the days of Hildebrand, and bring us all, under the discipline of Gregory the Seventh.

The Emperor was, we believe, present during the preaching of the whole series of sermons comprised within the 600 pages of the published volume. This is the substance of what the preacher impressed upon him,—for it was all directed to the one august individual, with singular seriousness and simplicity. Even on those never-smiling features something like the beginning of a smile formed and passed away as the Emperor listened to the propositions of the preacher, who was proclaiming a new Concordat with the established political power. Father Ventura was compelled to notice the old Concordat; but he did this with small pleasure. He could not but acknowledge that thereby France had concluded long struggles by a great triumph; that therewith the French Church was independent of the domination of Rome; that the State had emancipated itself from the oppression of the Church; that each had its rights, duties, and privileges; but that there was a well-defined line between spiritual and temporal which the Church could not pass, nor the State efface, save provoked or invoked by the Church. With all this, an alliance of the two was existent, but by its terms the legislator kept to his tribune, and the priest to the temple;—union of conscience and law; teaching charity and toleration. "It is all nonsense," is the substantial comment thereon of Father Ventura.

The world, he thinks, has been shaken, and France especially made shipwreck under it. If you would restore halcyon days, you must re-establish the public law of the eleventh century, when Kings held power of the Popes, the State was within the Church,—when there was Theocracy instead of "Cesarism," and an ecclesiastical in place of a secular Code.

The Father demonstrates the accuracy of his views by his interpretation of history. "See," he exclaimed,—and exclaims as loudly in his book. The French monarchy perished because French sovereigns cared more for the Gallican than the Roman Church. Down went the Republican government, because Satan, and not the Pope, was the authority it worshipped. The first French Empire split upon a rock and sank, because it joined with the Revolution against the Church; but!—God kept a germ of life in the grave of the Empire because Napoleon the First had, at least, re-erected the altars overthrown by the Republic. The Restoration perished because it set the State above the Church,—and the government of Louis-Philippe was trampled out because it tyrannized alike over priest and people, decried confession, and legalized atheism! Out of the chaos that ensued, a trumpet-sound thundered over the earth; and even as Christ was raised, after being buried, exactly so did the Empire rise from the grave, and men looked upon another RESURRECTION, vouchsafed as a miracle, a Christian safeguard, and a blessing! "Ecce adsum!"—said the preacher to the Emperor—was the shout of this new Empire when it was miraculously raised from the tomb, and its throne was established in righteousness, and its mission was signified to it by the Almighty, amid pyramids of angels and reverberating echoes from countless celestial harps!

The new Empire, remarked Father Ventura—and Napoleon the Third listened with an air as if he were profoundly edified—can only exist by identifying itself with Catholicism. Its sceptre must be subordinate to that of God (held by his vicegerent), and to the laws promulgated under that superior sceptre; and there must (strange word!) be another resurrection, that of Theocracy. Then, remembering that naval matters are subjects of interest just now, he risks himself upon a nautical simile, and observes that as in a fleet every ship making for port has a captain with power reposed in him, but who must obey the signals of direction thither given by the admiral's vessel, so every king and emperor, pilot as each may be at his own helm, must (if he would not cut a sorry figure before a naval court-martial) obey the signals for sailing hoisted out to him occasionally by the great Admiral who sails in St. Peter's bark! Father Ventura solemnly assured the Emperor that, unless he took his orders from the good old Admiral at Rome, his ship was not worth insurance! Napoleon the Third smiled—very nearly; and, at the end of that instructive sermon, asked the preacher to luncheon.

We trust that the Father keeps a good journal, and that our grandchildren, at all events, may know what passed at that *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The monarch probably had something bantering to say on the proposal to batter down all modern principles and systems, and to erect those of the middle ages on their ruins,—to make of the Kingdom of God a kingdom of this world,—and to make of the Pope, that is of a church, the one, sole, irresponsible monarch of the universe! King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

"Why not?" asks the Father; "what has the world done by rejecting all this?" He does not pause for a reply, but putting his hand on your mouth, kindly gives one for you. "By rejecting this," he says, by making kings independent of popes, and affording people liberty under kings, the world has only inaugurated the Pagan law of the Caligulas and the Domitians; which we do not very well understand, but which the Father illustrates by saying that ever since kings have been freed of the loving, paternal superiority of the Popes, they have only been tyrants to their people, and that people have been nothing else than the assassins of their kings;—which we altogether deny.

There are only three supremacies—that of the People, King, or Pope. That of the first, even considering a people obedient to constitutional laws, he defines as a supremacy of Hell; that of the second, taking in view only the monsters of monarchy, he describes as slavery to nations; that of the last, a blessing,—wealth, power, love, harmony, happiness here and a greater felicity hereafter, to monarchs and to men. Only acknowledge the last

supremacy, burn the Classics, shut out another light or two,—only let kings and nations confess that they are nothing, know nothing, are capable of deciding nothing, of learning nothing, of understanding nothing, believing nothing, but as they are bidden by the Pope,—and then universal felicity and content, and good living, and cheap bread, and pleasant literature, and peace, will each have its reign established for ever! The preacher only sees two obstacles in the way, but those, of course, well-intentioned nations and high-minded monarchs will at once sacrifice. Those obstacles are, modern literature and classical learning. For universities where Cicero is read, and literary journals which reflect the form and fashion of the "letters" of the day, Father Ventura has no mercy. He would object to our being received by the stupendous Admiral aboard the St. Peter, even if we made submission; and rather uncivilly designates all such as "genuine physicians of the devil who prepare poison, heedlessly, for the destruction of youth."—"You are Satan's head cooks!" exclaims the Father, "and you serve up to him this same youth, to be devoured!" This is not polite, Father Ventura; but it is as polished as it is true, wise, or reasonable; and may be passed by, as the whole series of discoveries may, as the visionary dreams of a heated brain, and the pleading of an advocate who is doing his utmost to destroy the cause he has been retained to defend. As a singular literary work connected with singular social features in the Imperial chapel at the Tuilleries, this episode in the Lent of 1857 warrants our brief allusions;—our readers may find as much interest therein as the Emperor did amusement.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, Aug. 28.

SALERNO has possessed a special interest for the British public during the last six months. It has been the scene of the imprisonment of two of our countrymen, and the site of a political trial, containing as many extraordinary details as any trial perhaps that was ever brought before a Court, even in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Let us leave, however, the political phases of the city; for, truth to tell, I am wearied of them, and would much rather indulge in putting together some of my gleanings by the way. From Naples to Nocera a railway has been opened for some years; for, as Nocera is a grand dépôt for troops, it was strategically useful; and most modern improvements in the Two Sicilies are suggested by such considerations. The line has, however, been recently opened to La Cava, and thence to Salerno. It is being continued with some hopes of its being completed in four or five years, God willing, and the King also, as his subjects might be disposed to say. It was on one of the very many trips which I have been compelled to make to Salerno, during the last six months, that, on arriving at Angri and Pagani, I found the stations crowded with people, principally of the lower classes, and in every stage of hilarity. Talking as none but Italians can talk, and shouting and singing, they all made a rush at the carriages, and with utter disregard to distinctions of first, second, or third class, soon filled up every vacant cranny. The church bells, which were ringing stoutly, and those "maledette" little bombs, which are used everywhere in Italy to deafen people and celebrate the honours of the only true faith, were tinkling and popping away as if delighted with the joviality of the crowds. It was a curious and yet a jolly scene, which became more so as we advanced. Many sported cocks' feathers, or coloured feathers of various kinds of birds, in their hats; and most had some musical instrument, as a tambour, jew's-harp, guitar, or fiddle: so that, between screaming, singing, and playing, such a disturbance was created as may be more easily imagined than described. Thus we travelled to the end of the journey. Some religious *fête*, it was obvious, was being celebrated; and these were the devotees from the neighbouring villages, who had been to Pagani and Angri to cheer their spirits with a "botteglia" (bottle) and their souls with devotion. "Whose *festa* is it?" I asked of one of the party.—"Why, don't you

know? 'Tis the *festa* of the Madonna delle Galline!"—"Madonna delle Galline!" I have repeated; "what Madonna can that be?" I have heard of a hundred Madonnas since I have been in Italy, all worshipped by the ignorant, as if they were separate existences, but I never heard before of the *Madonna delle Hens*."—"What can the title mean?" I asked again.—"Oh!" said my informant, "she is a most miraculous Madonna, and is so called, 'of hens,' because when her statue is carried in procession through the city every Christian throws a hen, or some other bird, at her; and what proves her to be miraculous is, that none of the birds fly away,—all rest upon the statue. I have seen as many as fifty at a time light upon her, and remain there as stably as a church. You may laugh, signor, but it is perfectly true; and nothing short of a miracle could effect this."—*La Cava*, where the railway at present terminates, and where the carriages disgorged the motley crowd we had recently taken up, is a large and thriving place, containing within its immediate district and under its dependency no fewer than 365 hamlets. During the last year, in which interval of time it has been connected with Naples by railway, its commerce and its population have greatly increased; and another argument, if any were wanted, has been presented to His "Adored Majesty" in favour of steam travelling, but the fear is that the facts may operate in another direction. The line is now being carried on to Salerno, but though a great number of hands are at work, it appeared to me to use an old English proverb—as if there were great cry and little wool. At present one gallops down behind three horses to Salerno at a break-neck pace in about half-an-hour. On the Sunday devoted to the Madonna delle Galline it was that, on entering Salerno, I met the Intendente and the Archbishop in full fig coming out to worship another Madonna not far from the city. Perhaps ecclesiastical rivalry had started here in opposition to the Madonna delle Galline, for it can scarcely be understood how great is the competition which arises between the priests and people of various localities as to who possesses the most beautiful church, supports the most spicy *fête*, or worships the most miraculous saint or virgin. There can be no doubt, however, but that it is a wonderful Madonna who in the neighbourhood of Salerno attracts crowds of worshippers. For is there not a large opening in the earth near the city?—and does not water rise in it on the vigil of her *fête*?—and does it not continue to flow all the day of the festivity?—and does it not cease as certainly when the *fête* is over? Here, then, devotion assumes another phase, and instead of tricking itself in cocks' feathers, takes clothes and bathes them in the holy water, using them as swathing bands, laves its limbs also; and, in fact, revels and wallows in sanctity for several days. I am not aware that the ablutions are said to be a specific for any particular malady, but rather for that very general and comprehensive one called dirt. Salerno is the second city in the continental part of the Two Sicilies, and yet its trade is confined to shopkeepers. The construction of a mole would convert it into a very tolerable port; and perhaps a portion only of the earthquake subscriptions, which will be directed to the repair of churches and monasteries, would make Salerno a flourishing commercial town. Of the probability of such an appropriation of the public funds, and of the degree of intelligence which prevails in Salerno, you may judge from the following facts. The city was still ringing, on my first visit to it this year, with the fearful intelligence of the loss of a most sacred relic, the tooth of St. Matthew. What might not be expected!—another earthquake?—another revolution? Even a constitution, thought the priests, for a more signal mark of the Protector Saint's displeasure could scarcely have been given. They sought for it in all directions, but nowhere was it to be found, and at last they cursed the sacrilegious thieves on the high altar. A wish was expressed to declare the excommunication in the streets of Salerno; but it was prevented, I believe, by the Intendente, who was fearful of what effect this public declaration of so fearful a calamity might have. As a pendant to this, I must state that in the

second city of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, "Al di qua del Faro," not one newspaper, political, scientific, or literary, is published. There was one in 1848, which was of course suppressed, being placed in the same category as were cards by a pious uncle of my own, "Devil's books." In the beginning of the summer another attempt was made to start a newspaper of the most inoffensive and literary character. Two priests had been pressed into the administration of it, and they and the advocates were to support it; but all to no use. After waiting a long time for the recovery of the Intendente, with whom rested the decision, a refusal was given, and the project now rests with the thousand other abortions of this country. "Why is it refused?"—No direct answer: "By superior order." He must be very young, therefore, who expects any great improvement in the "Two Sicilies." Perhaps the most thriving and beautiful spot in the neighbourhood of the city is a little manufacturing village settled by Swiss and Germans on the road which leads to Avellino. It is a kind of oasis, and in its evident industry and prosperity gives sure indications of a foreign hand. There is a cleanliness about it which is unexceptionable. The houses have another type than those about them; the beauty which surrounds them is not simply that of nature, but is partly the work of man; in fact it is the work of men who, though they live under Neapolitan laws, breathe and act more freely than Neapolitans, and are less impeded in carrying out ideas of a foreign and a superior birth. A slave can neither originate nor perfect: it will take a free man to do either.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the site on which Salerno is built, under shelter of a crescent of hills, and at the commencement of a vast plain. This latter circumstance, however, leads me to doubt very much whether at certain seasons of the year it can be very healthy. The further, indeed, one enters on that plain the greater are the indications that present themselves of malaria—sunken cheeks, languid eyes, yellow skins, and swollen stomachs. Even in the winter I met with many of these poor creatures in the streets of Salerno, seeking for charity or medical relief. In fact, malaria is the curse of the neighbourhood. A druggist, long settled in the city, told me that in three months he had sold seven hundred ounces of quinine, and, supposing that every druggist sold the article at the same rate, it will not be difficult to imagine the ravages which this fearful malady commits, for the population of Salerno is small, and that of the neighbourhood very scanty.

The man whom I hired as cicerone during my visits to Salerno, like a faithful and loving subject, had served His Majesty for some years in the army; but, for some unaccountable reason or other, he seemed to have transferred a portion of the reverence due to the sovereign to myself. "My Lord is come," was the mode in which he always announced my arrival at the hotel."—"Would my Lordship condescend to do this or that?"—"Was my Lordship well?"—in short, he made me every inch a lord. Yet, as this is but a kind of generic title for all Anglo-Saxons in the South of Italy, I bore my honours as a matter of course. The secret of his immense reverence, however, came out one day during one of our many rambles in the neighbourhood. "Levatemi una difficolta, my Lord," said the cicerone, awakening from a brown study, as we were pulling up to the castle. "It is true, is it not, that every milord has ten ships of war?"—"Ten ships of war?" I replied, "why who told you that stuff?"—"There are many respectable people in Salerno who believe so," he said; "and for my part I do so thoroughly."—"Well, who are these waseares who believe such nonsense!"—"Why, milord, there is Doctor —, and the padrone of an hotel and his wife more firmly than he, and a great number of others—in short, I never doubted it." So that I found that under the title of Milord I had been addressed as a kind of sea-king with a number of three-deckers at my disposal, and, for what I know, my white-winged fleet might have been expected every moment turning round the point from Amalfi. Of course, my dignity was greatly lowered in the estimation of my guide, and his bow made a less acute angle;

but the deep mortification was sustained under the consciousness of having told the truth. My title, however, remains the same. In Salerno, I am always Mildred, though Burke will scarcely be disposed to acknowledge my rights. When a man has seen the Cathedral, and the Castle, the Esplanade, and the Swiss manufacturing villages, he has seen all in or around Salerno that is worth looking at. There is a curious struggle going on between the medieval and the modern, which is conducted with more or less good taste. What might have been a handsome church is cleaned but not improved by whitewash—streets so narrow that you could shake hands across them, and pant for breath in them, lead into large open streets. Dirt abounds everywhere, as it does in every Neapolitan city, for, strange to say, that in a country where the Government affects to be so moral, the eye is offended at every corner with indecencies so gross that a Northerner can scarcely conceive them possible. One tithe of the trouble that is taken to hunt down a political suspect, would defend every sense from being disgusted, and do more for morality than all the sermons of the clergy; but the odours of sanctity are too much venerated in this country to be thus neutralized. As to the spirit which rests upon this, the second city in the Empire, it is that of profound repose. Eternal sleep seems to have settled down upon it—even the electric telegraph goes to sleep at twenty-four o'clock, and from that time, till some hours after midnight, all communication with Naples is closed. My only surprise is that it is not permitted its siesta at mid-day. Enough and too much of Salerno, which I now leave on my return to Naples. In the carriage is one of the benevolent promoters of the national sleep, to wit, a priest, and by his side is a layman, who has imbibed his spirit. We spoke of the earthquake, and of one of the many shocks which had been felt on the day before. "That of the 16th December was awful," said his reverence, "and none but St. Januarius could have saved us from it."—"True enough," replied his echo, "we have a great deliverer, and this last was a mighty miracle!"—"Yes," continued the priest, "God has chastised us well for the sins of 1848. There was the wine malady, and the blight of the corn, and the failure of the tomatoes, and the earthquake, and now again the eruption. These are all the consequences of 1848!" The matter was not worth disputing; and so I left his reverence to the enjoyment of his dreams; but he is drawn from nature, and he is the true type of that class who have thrown Italy into sleep and sit like an incubus on its bosom.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE preparations for the coming Meeting of the British Association in Leeds, which commences on the 22nd inst., are proceeding with great spirit. The sittings of the Association will take place in the magnificent Town Hall, recently inaugurated by Her Majesty, and ample accommodation will be found for all the Sections within the building. The great Central Room, which is richly decorated and of noble proportions, will be set apart for the *conversazioni* and other evening meetings; and here, on the Wednesday evening, Prof. Owen, the President, will deliver his opening Address. The inhabitants of the town seem determined that nothing shall be wanting on their part to render the meeting interesting and attractive to their distinguished visitors. The public bodies have resolved to throw open their respective institutions to all members, and a large number of the leading manufacturers offer free access to their works. A highly interesting Exhibition of the Industrial Products of the town has been organized in the Cloth Hall, with a special view to the Meeting of the Association, which will also be open to Members, and which well illustrates the great variety of trades for which Leeds is remarkable. Private hospitality is being offered on a scale commensurate with the size and wealth of the place, and the Leeds Club will extend its privileges to all non-resident members. Amongst the distinguished men who have already signified their intention of being present, we may name Prof. Owen, Sir John Herschel, Dr. Lloyd, W. Hopkins, Esq., Dr.

Whewell, W. Fairbairn, Esq., Sir R. I. Murchison, General Sabine, R. Stephenson, Esq., Sir P. De Malpas Grey Egerton, Lord Enniskillen, Sir W. Hamilton, Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P., Sir B. Brodie, and Prof. Phillips. Amongst the attractions of the week will be the two evening discourses by Profs. Phillips and Owen, on the Ironstones of Cleveland and the Fossil Quadrupeds of Australia; two *Conversazioni* in the Great Hall, at one of which a large collection of microscopes, contributed by the leading microscopists of the north of England, will be a striking feature; a Photographic Exhibition, which will be displayed in some of the Town Hall rooms; and a Flower Show in the grounds surrounding the fine ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, about three miles from Leeds. Excursions have been arranged for the Thursday after the Meeting to Bolton Abbey and Wharfdale, to the district embracing Malham, Gordale, and Ingleborough, so interesting to the geologist and naturalist,—to Harrogate and Fountains Abbey, which will afford strangers an opportunity of seeing some of the finest Yorkshire scenery. Judging from the present state of the preparations and the number of communications already announced, the Leeds Meeting bids fair fully to equal most of its predecessors both in scientific interest and general attractions.

William Weir is a name which may not be known to the world at large; but, three days ago it was worn by as honest, truthful, and genuine a man as that world at large could produce; and now he who answered thereto answereth no more, and again one of the great intellectual labourers has gone to his rest, dying, as it were, at his post, leaving to those who survive him for a while, much sorrow and a bright example. Mr. Weir was editor of the *Daily News*; he had occupied that honourable position since the death of Mr. Hunt in 1854, and he had maintained it with such straightforwardness of spirit, such honesty of principle, such vigour and such courtesy, as to win for himself not only the affection of his friends and colleagues, but the respect and admiration of his political opponents. For about thirty years he had pursued with honour and advantage a literary and political career in his native country, Scotland, first, and subsequently in England;—beginning that career when he was about twenty-five years old, and after a brief essay of the legal profession at the Scottish bar. He was a man of great endowments, of strong natural sense, of gentle heart,—a learned, a modest, and a wise man;—in the ranks of literature there was not a nobler or more unassuming soldier than he; and if the nearest and dearest to him may look on his grave with weeping eyes, they may turn from it too with a mournful pride in their aching hearts.

The result of tests recently made at Valentia, induces the conclusion that the defect in the Atlantic Cable is a loss of insulation at about 220 statute miles from the shore. The cable is supposed to have been injured by being too rapidly let out when crossing the mountain range which divides the depths of the Atlantic from the comparatively shallow water nearer the Irish coast. Mr. Henley hopes to render the line again serviceable by the use of his powerful magneto-electric machines: the damage is, however, very serious; and the prospects of quick and effectual repair uncertain.

In the new Adelphi Theatre we are promised something better than mere ornamentation,—namely, safe and ample means of egress in case of fire. We have long wanted an *Ædile* or any other magistrate with authority to look to these things. Only last year there was an alarm of fire at the Princess's. The calmness and presence of mind of Mrs. C. Kean prevented a panic;—had the panic got too suddenly a-head to be restrained, what an awful calamity might have followed! That alarm ought to have drawn attention to the subject generally. There are theatres in London so ill-constructed for egress, that enjoyment is as impossible before a fire may break out as escape would be afterwards. Some one has said that most theatres have been burned down, are occasionally burning down, or are, in the perilous nature of things, to be burned down. Cannot the law so overlook the plan of the architect that an audience may not necessarily be wrapt in the same devouring con-

flagration that may on any night destroy a theatre?

The remarks we made on Bowdler's Shakespeare have called forth the following on expurgated editions generally, and on Gilfillan's edition of Prior's Poems:—"I fully agree in the spirit of your late remarks on expurgated editions. We are surely sometimes more nice than wise. The last work to which I have seen the process of expurgation applied is Watt's Hymns, from an edition of which, preparing by one of our Dissenting bodies, the word 'bowels,' so common in Scripture, is to be removed as improper, every verse containing it being altered! What next? Still, there are cases, I think, where omission may be allowed. In many of our older poets we find compositions which are offensive not only in their treatment, but in their very themes—kind of impropriety far worse than the casual coarse thought or word which crosses us and is gone in Shakespeare's plays. Is an editor reprinting their works avowedly for popular use bound to reproduce all these? I am led to ask this question by observing certain compositions of this kind in an edition of the works of Matthew Prior just issued in the series of the Poets now publishing by Mr. Nichol, of Edinburgh, under the editorial care of the Rev. G. Gilfillan. Mr. Gilfillan notices these things in his preface, and gives the following plea for inserting them: 'He that touches pitch must run his chance of being defiled, but Prior carries away less of it from his rather ticklish themes than might have been expected. Should any one insist that two or three of these stories are blots, he must at the same time admit that they are *small in size*; that they bear no proportion to the mass of his poetry; and that, as compositions, they are *too clever* and characteristic to be omitted.' This strikes me as rather a curious apology for a Scotch clergyman to make. He implies that the pieces are bad both in subject and treatment, but he thinks their cleverness a cover for their sins. We are apt to consider that this increases both the wrong and the danger of what is improper.

A. B. C."

The Crystal Palace Exhibition in Canada will be inaugurated with the good wishes, but without the presence of Royalty. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has officially intimated to Mr. Norris, the bearer of the petition from the Canadians, that the Queen "was under the necessity of declining the request that the Prince of Wales, or some other member of the royal family, should proceed to Canada, with the view of opening the Crystal Palace at Toronto."

The late Mr. Dawson Turner's remaining library and highly-interesting collection of MSS. and autographs, have been consigned to Messrs. Puttick & Simpson for sale next season. It will afford satisfaction to many who we know feel an interest in the subject, to state, that Mr. Turner's own correspondence, extending through a long life of literary and scientific intercourse, will not be included in the auction. However valuable such a series of correspondence must be in the hands of a judicious editor, if intended for publication, there is necessarily much which was never written with any other intention than for private perusal, and which it would be highly inappropriate, not to say censorable, to place in a public sale. It would be well if this proper discrimination were more duly observed by executors and vendors in general. In the present instance, the collection stands in no need of such augmentation. Of the letters classed as autographs there are more than thirty thousand; while entire volumes are filled with letters of Queen Elizabeth, the Medici family, Napoleon Bonaparte, General Wolfe, the Duke of Marlborough, and, leaving the men of the sword for those of the pen, of Tasso, Voltaire, Sir Isaac Newton, Galvani, Archbishop Sharpe, James Hervey, Thomas Gray, *cum multis aliis*. The manuscript library also includes extensive series of correspondence of Anna Maria Schurmann, C. Huygens, Domenico Manni, Ralph Thoresby, Dr. Macro, Dr. Covel, Sir H. Spelman, Strype, Dr. R. Richardson, George Chalmers, William Upcott, and Dr. Dibdin. The library contains many most important books and manuscripts for the history of the Fine Arts: amongst these are the Virtue MSS., formerly at Strawberry Hill. Nor must the Glastonbury Register and Cartulary be overlooked. Altogether,

this sale will take a prominent place amongst events of its class next season.

It was not at all prominently brought forward, in reference to the *fête* at Cherbourg, that exactly one century before the recent celebration, that town was taken, and the pier and shipping destroyed or captured, by the English. This happened on the 8th of August, 1758; and the captured trophies were presented to the King on the 28th,—an interval which just covers the anniversary of the *fête*. This exploit, and some others, will give our readers a hint that the French, in fortifying their coast, are not to be taken as meaning nothing but preparation to attack England. They think a little about securing themselves from attack by England. They have had much experience of the greater facility of attack on their coast which is possessed by the greater naval power; and, whether they meditate war or peace, we may feel sure they will go on fortifying their harbours. We hope our own Government will do the same. We do not regret the publication of alarmist pamphlets, and other occasional stimuli; for over-attention to the strength of our harbours and arsenals has never been one of our weaknesses; and the state of our navy will always be a periodical source of alarm until we have a *standing navy*. In conclusion, we congratulate the French on the strength which they have given to Cherbourg; and we take the number of guns they have thought necessary as a very great compliment.

A Telegraphic Map of Europe has been published. It is printed from common printing types, the invention being by Mr. A. Mahlan, of Mr. Ducker's Royal Printing Establishment in Berlin. The curious process is thus explained:—A drawing was made on paper blackened at the back, and transferred (by following the lines of the drawing with a hard point) upon a composition of quadrats, formed each of sixteen nonpareil squares. The whole was divided into six parts, comprising the divisions of Europe. The shores were cut out of points, a certain number being cast on a nonpareil square. The telegraphic lines were constructed of bent brass rules, which were fastened into the composition or bed of quadrats. The names of towns and stations are composed of common printing types. The whole was of such exactness that when the parts were joined together no mark of the section was visible, and the excellence of the composition and the accuracy of the letter-casting are very remarkable. The cost, however, will, we fear, place this ingenious plan beyond the patronage of the general public.

There is literary news even from the Gold Coast. The beginning there is rather suggestive; for the first book written, printed, and published on the spot is entitled, 'Recollections of an Old Sinner,' of whom there have been many, including, to give them respectfully their due, some of the governors. The book is to be published in ten numbers, at 1s. 6d. each, or the volume for 10s. to those who will subscribe for the whole; so they who have not implicit faith in the author's loyalty to his publisher and public, and who may venture to believe that the 'Old Sinner' may drop the series in the middle, are taxed fifty per cent. for their incredulity. In the same locality there is work for a biographer of royalty, seeing that Attak, King of Akim, is dead, and has been succeeded by his intelligent twin-brother, Eboevomer,—events that have neither shaken nor delighted the outer world, to whom those swarthy potentates are less known than to their bards and oral historians. There are local English writers there too, but they are less concerned about kings than they are about cotton. One of them writes home, "Several English merchants have gone to Lagos hunting for cotton, and are now in Abbeokutah, trying to establish factories. This country produces excellent cotton. Prove to the natives that they can always find a profitable market for cotton, and it will not be many years before they produce as much as the merchants can purchase." Where Commerce has already established itself, Justice necessarily has unpacked her scales, for rascals abound, and they must be punished. But there is a difficulty. There is a literary class of individuals at the Coast, who turn their knowledge of letters and languages to

account, by getting themselves engaged as interpreters; but there is a little difficulty in the way of their utility—they cannot understand what the judges say to the prisoners, and they are incapable of making the judges comprehend what the prisoners answer in reply to that which was unintelligible to the interpreter. Altogether, the confusion is rather delightful, except to a man who may occasionally get hanged by mistake—indeed, the confusion is natural enough, for it has, for some time, been the custom on the Gold Coast to make all the doctors judges; so that "his Lordship" is as ignorant of the law as the interpreters of translating his legal disquisitions. This phase of Coast life is so bad, that an indignant African *Herold* editor exclaims of the medico-judges, "If the medicine of the Gold Coast doctors be no better than their law, the Lord have mercy on the sick!"

Among the minor points connected with the Decimal Coinage may be noted the following:—Misprints such as 2l. 3s. instead of 2s. often take place, and the converse. In decimals, 2l. 3d. and 23*m*. are the same in value; so that misprint would not be mistake. We have more than once seen 6l. 6s. printed for 6*d*s. as the quantity of silver money in a pound of silver. A large book of tables, printed more than a hundred years ago, Dodson's Canon, is stated to have been sold at 12*s*.: we chanced to find, in the contemporary advertisement in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that the price was 1l. 2s. 6d. In book-keeping, the error of the shillings place, now frequent enough, will become very rare indeed. At present, 2l. 3s. may be entered 2l. 13*s*., or the converse. In the decimal system, the florin place has one figure (or 0), and one only, in all cases.

A new book, on the mysterious foundling, Kaspar Hauser, has just been published by his old friend and protector, Prof. Dauner, of Nuremberg. The German papers pronounce it to be highly interesting; but although it throws new light upon the subject, it leaves the problem of Hauser's birth and fate, on the whole, involved. By-the-bye, we may mention that Prof. Dauner,—the clever translator of 'Hafiz,' the versifier of Bettina's letters to Goethe, the most bitter enemy of Christianity, and the staunch supporter of Buddhism and Mohammedanism (see his works, 'Stimme der Wahrheit' and 'Die Geheimnisse des Christlichen Alterthums'), has, a week or two ago, turned—Roman Catholic!

The only surviving daughter of Schiller,—who, some years ago, presented the world with the Correspondence which passed between her late parents in 1778 and 1789,—is now preparing to print the Correspondence of Schiller's widow with her friends and the literary notabilities of her time. Among those letters of her late mother which have not yet been returned to her, she misses especially a number of notes addressed by Frau von Schiller to the Countess Schimmelmann, and requests the unknown possessor of these interesting documents, in an advertisement printed in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, to communicate the same for her intended publication. A hitherto unprinted letter of Schiller to the same Countess Schimmelmann was published some time ago in the *Athenæum*; and her husband, Count Schimmelmann, is the noble benefactor who, at the time of Schiller's severest struggles, settled upon him, for three successive years, the considerable gift of 1,000 thalers per annum.

PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—POLYGRAPHIC INSTITUTE. William Street, Charing Cross.—10 HOURS' ILLUSTRATION.—One month's course to Prof. Frikell's departure on a Provincial Tour. Every Evening at Eight; Saturday Afternoons at Three. Private Boxes, One Guinea; Box Stalls, 5s.; Orchestra Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Places may be secured at the Polygraphic Hall from Eleven till Five, and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 3s., Old Bond Street.

Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.—THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE is open daily from 7 to 10 p.m. with all POPULAR LECTURES, EXHIBITIONS, &c.—Admission, 1s.—The LABORATORY is NOW OPEN FOR ANALYSES, PUPILS, &c., under the direction of Mr. E. V. GARDNER, Professor of Chemistry.—Commencing on MONDAY, the 27th inst., the four Sisters GREENHEAD will perform daily at a master to four, on the First and Second Violin, Violoncello, and Pianoforte.

Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 3, Chichester Street, opposite the Haymarket, Open Daily (for Students, on payment of 1s. Dr. S. Smith's Four and Eight Weeks' important and interesting topics in connexion with Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology (vide Programmes). Admission, 1s.—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free direct from the Author on the receipt of twelve stamps.

SCIENCE

Outlines of Astronomy. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart. Fifth Edition. (Longman & Co.)

FIVE editions of this elaborate and—in days of shilling railway books—expensive work, required within nine years, prove that the taste for Astronomy is on the increase, and also that the public are able to appreciate sound writing on the subject. The additions which the edition before us contains, interesting in themselves, are also gratifying as proving that the author's working-day is not done, as there was too much reason to fear was the case a few years ago. We, accordingly, venture to expect, as well as hope for, more editions yet to come from the same powerful head and the same classical pen.

Towards these editions we offer one hint, which, though it may appear a slight one, will render the book more useful if it be attended to. A work in which references in the Index are made to articles, not to pages, ought to have, at the head of each page, the numbering of every article which has its commencement or continuation in that page. It is hard work to hunt § 742 through the bodies of the pages, in a work in which the average article is nearly a page long.

We have to do with the additions only. They are described as follows:—

"I have taken the opportunity of introducing several things which might justly have been noted as deficient in the former editions,—as, for instance, the account of the methods by which the mass of the Earth has been determined, and that of the successful treatment, and it is presumed final subjugation, of those rebellious ancient Solar Eclipses which have so much harassed astronomers. A brief account of M. Foucault's remarkable pendulum experiments, and of that beautiful instrument, the gyroscope, is introduced: as are also notices of Professor Thomson's speculations on the origin of the Sun's heat, and his estimate of its average expenditure, as well as of some curious views of M. Jean Reynaud, on the secular variation of our climates, supplementary to those put forward in former editions of this work. I could have wished that its nature and limits would have permitted some account of Mr. Cooper's magnificent contributions to sidereal astronomy, in his catalogue of upwards of 60,000 previously unregistered ecliptic stars; or of Mr. Bishop's ecliptic charts and those of M. Chacornac; or of Mr. Carrington's elaborate circumpolar catalogue; and of Mr. Jones's immense work on the zodiacal light, forming the third volume of the account of the United States' Japan Expedition, which reaches me too late to allow of drawing up a fitting analysis of his results. These gentlemen will severally please to accept, however, this respectful tribute of my admiration for their important labours. Some new speculations are also hazarded; as, for instance, on the subject of the Moon's habitability, the cause of the acceleration of Encke's comet, &c., and a few numerical errors are corrected which have hitherto escaped notice and public comment as blemishes."

The following extract is a good account of a recent speculation. We must, however, understand Sir John Herschel, when he says absence of air from the moon would be decisive against its habitability, as meaning decisive against the presence of beings who require air. But there would be no very great wonder if planets without an atmosphere had inhabitants who could do without it. Our speculators seem to take for granted that other planets can contain no chemical elements except those which are found on our globe. Now there may be, for aught we can tell, planets which have not an atom of any one of the substances which compose our earth. There is a common proverb, "The second blow begins a fray,"—and there ought to be another to match it: "The second instance begins an induction." Let us gain a

footing upon some one planet besides our own, and then, by putting the two together, we shall have some ground of probability on which to speak about a third :—

" On the subject of the moon's habitability, the complete absence of air noticed in art. (431), if general over her whole surface, would of course be decisive. Some considerations of a contrary nature, however, suggest themselves in consequence of a remark lately made by Prof. Hansen, viz., that the fact of the moon turning always the same face towards the earth is in all probability the result of an elongation of its figure in the direction of a line joining the centres of both the bodies acting conjointly with a noncoincidence of its centre of gravity with its centre of symmetry. To the middle of the length of a stick, loaded with a heavy weight at one end and a light one at the other, attach a string, and swing it round. The heavy weight will assume and maintain a position in the circulation of the joint mass further from the hand than the lighter. This is not improbably what takes place in the moon. Anticipating to a certain extent what he will find more fully detailed in the next chapter, the reader may consider the moon as retained in her orbit about the earth by some coercing power analogous to that which the hand exerts on the compound mass above described through the string. Suppose, then, its globe made up of materials not homogeneous, and so disposed in its interior that some considerable preponderance of weight should exist eccentrically situated: then it will be easily apprehended that the portion of its surface nearer to that heavier portion of its solid content, under all the circumstances of a rotation so adjusted, will permanently occupy the situation most remote from the earth. Let us now consider what may be expected to be the distribution of air, water, or other fluid on the surface of such a globe, supposing its quantity not sufficient to cover and drown the whole mass. It will run towards the lowest place, that is to say, not the nearest to the centre of figure or to the central point of the mere space occupied by the moon, but to the centre of the mass, or what is called in mechanics the centre of gravity. There will be formed there an ocean, of more or less extent according to the quantity of fluid, directly over the heavier nucleus, while the lighter portion of the solid material will stand out as a continent on the opposite side. And the height above the level of such ocean to which it will project will be greater, the greater the eccentricity of the centre of gravity. Suppose then that in the case of the moon this eccentricity should amount to some thirty or forty miles, such would be the general elevation of the lunar land (or the portion turned earthwards) above its ocean, so that the whole of that portion of the moon we see would in fact come to be regarded as a mountainous elevation above the sea level. In what regards its assumption of a definite level, air obeys precisely the same hydrostatical laws as water. The lunar atmosphere would rest upon the lunar ocean, and form in its basin a lake of air, whose upper portions at an altitude such as we are now contemplating, would be of excessive tenuity, especially should the lunar provision of air be less abundant in proportion than our own. It by no means follows, then, from the absence of visible indications of water or air on this side of the moon, that the other is equally destitute of them, and equally unfit for maintaining animal or vegetable life. Some slight approach to such a state of things actually obtains on the earth itself. Nearly all the land is collected in one of its hemispheres, and much the larger portion of the sea in the opposite. There is evidently an excess of heavy material vertically beneath the middle of the Pacific; while not very remote from the point of the globe diametrically opposite rises the great table-land of India, and the Himalaya chain, on the summits of which the air has not more than a third of the density it has on the sea-level, and from which animated existence is for ever excluded."

We come to the page which contains the small planets, of which the fifty-second was discovered in February last. Here is a pretty pack of cards! When the ancients speculated

they said the planets *must*, in the nature of things, be *seven*. When the moderns had got *four* small planets, they speculated on a large planet broken to bits, which, therefore, would probably have the rest of the pieces somewhere or other. This speculation, true or false, helped to keep alive discovery, as many another equally undemonstrable speculation has done. We give the names of the discoverers, their numbers of planets, and their rough dates:— Piazzi 1, 1801. Olbers 2, 1802—1807. Harding 1, 1804. Hencke 2, 1845—1847. Hind 10, 1847—1854. Graham 1, 1848. Gasparis 7, 1850—1853. Luther 6, 1852—1857. Goldschmidt 10, 1852—1858. Chacornac 5, 1853—1856. Pogson 3, 1854—1857. Marth and Pogson 1, 1854. Ferguson 2, 1854—1857. Laurent 1, 1858. Total, 52 planets. We omit second discoveries, no matter how independent, except in the case of Amphitrite, discovered by Messrs. Marth and Pogson on the same day.

The present progress of Astronomy requires popular books to be frequently re-edited. About the year 1844 it seemed as if the science was flagging: the astronomers themselves had an impression that what men could do was nearly done. Year after year seemed to produce little but corrections and improvements. The discovery of Neptune commenced a new career of success. Faith in progress was restored, and since that time the advance has been rapid and its results decided. No book gives so good an account of the new period, so far as it has gone, as the one now before us.

Handbook of Zoology. By J. Van der Hoeven. Translated by the Rev. W. Clark, M.D. Vol. II. (Longman & Co.)

The second and last volume of this work has not been long after the first in making its appearance. It would have been better had they been published together, as the second volume is so much better than the first, that the work, as a whole, would have made a more favourable impression than it has done. In our notice of the first volume we pointed out what we regarded as defective in relation to the treatment of the families of Invertebrate animals. The translator seems to have been made aware of many of these defects, and in his Preface to the second volume he has sought to repair them. Every one who possesses this work ought to read the Preface to the second volume before consulting the pages of the first. At the same time, nothing but a re-casting of the whole arrangement of the lower forms of the Invertebrates can make this work a safe guide to the student of Zoology. In his Preface, the author refers to some of the facts on which zoologists rely for admitting Sponges into the animal kingdom. He does not, however, give any account of these animals, but gives references to the literature of the subject. He also gives as a reason for retaining Volvox, Euglena, and other forms which are now generally placed amongst plants, in the animal kingdom, the existence of the pulsating vesicle recently observed in these beings. He says, "Lachmann contends that no such pulsating spaces have been found hitherto, in any vegetable cell or in the spore of any undoubted plant, and he agrees with Schneider, that creatures thus constituted ought to be placed amongst animal Infusoria, until it be distinctly shown that such organs exist also in undoubted vegetable cells." The presence, however, of simply a pulsating vesicle would be a very arbitrary distinction between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, especially when we know that the vegetable cell is capable of exhibiting as much movement as that of the animal cell. Ciliary motion and movement of the contents of the cells,

are both known to occur in plants, and there is nothing more decidedly animal in the rhythmical vesicular movements observed in Volvox and Euglena. Dr. Clark discusses also the position of Polyzoa, which, under the name of Bryozoa, Van der Hoeven places among the Polyps. Although he seems to think it better to remove them from this class, he neither refers to the arguments nor authorities on which recent writers rely in placing this family amongst the Mollusca.

Some addition has also been made by the translator to the history of the Entozoa. He refers to the important discovery that the Cystic worms are only imperfect conditions of the various forms of Tape-worm, and refers to Leuckart's more recent investigations, to show that the different forms of cystic larve result in different forms of mature worms. In the first volume the facts of parthenogenesis as they occur in the Aphides are only mentioned. Other cases are referred to, more especially those mentioned by Von Siebold, in his recent work on the Parthenogenesis; but surely so important a subject as this, and in connexion with Steenstrup's theory of Alternations of Generation, should have had a further notice in a work professing to give an outline of the forms and functions of the various groups of animals.

We turn with more satisfaction to the second volume. For obvious reasons, the Vertebrate animals are treated of much more fully and completely than the Invertebrate ones. Up to the beginning of the present century, the zoology of the Invertebrates excited little attention as compared with the Vertebrata, and hence to the writer and teacher a much larger mass of matter lies at his disposal. Few species have been added to the list of fishes, birds, reptiles, and mammalia. Prof. Van der Hoeven has, we suspect, too, been much more diligent in his study of the higher than the lower forms of the animal kingdom. The Vertebrata are divided into four classes. From this, we suppose the author does not recognize the value of the distinction now so generally adopted between the Batrachia and the forms of reptiles. We need not here allude to the various points urged in favour of a separate class for the Frogs and Toads; but the fact of their leading a portion of their lives in water as fishes is one generally known, and constitutes a difference between them and Snakes, Crocodiles, and Tortoises, the value of which can be estimated even by those who have not made the subject a particular study. In his Preface the translator regrets that Prof. Owen's paper 'On the Characters, Principles of Division, and Primary Groups of the class Mammalia,' was published too recently before the publication of this work to justify him in the adoption of Prof. Owen's views. In many parts, however, of the volume both author and translator have made extensive use of this and the other works of Prof. Owen. The English student has also in the present volume to thank Dr. Clark for the introduction of the fossil species of the Reptilia. Dr. Clark also informs us, that the author has himself made many additions to this English reproduction of his work, so that it may really be regarded as a third edition, rather than the translation of the second one from the Dutch. The author's additions for the English edition have been principally in the classes of Fishes and Reptiles. The present volume, as well as the last, has a few illustrative plates. We should have been glad to have seen these more numerous. As it is, this work, with all its defects, is the most complete zoological text-book we have in our language. As such, it will be valued by a large class of students,

who require something more to assist them in their studies than our popular treatises or British Museum Catalogues.

The Works of Francis Bacon. Edited by James Spedding, R. Leslie Ellis, and Douglas D. Heath. 5 vols.

[Second Notice.]

THERE are some things which all men can do. When Themistocles was invited to play on the lute, he said, I cannot fiddle, but I can make a great state out of a little one: so can we all. Who is there who does not know how to make Britain a great empire out of a (comparatively) small one? Another universal accomplishment is the power of enlarging on the manner in which modern progress in material science is due to Bacon.

No knowledge of nature without experiment and observation: so said Aristotle, so said Bacon, so acted Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Gilbert, Kepler, Galileo, Harvey, &c., before Bacon wrote. No derived knowledge until experiment and observation are concluded: so said Bacon, and no one else. We do not mean to say that he laid down his principle in these words, or that he carried it to the utmost extreme: we mean that Bacon's ruling idea was the collection of enormous masses of facts, and then digested processes of arrangement and elimination, so artificially contrived, that a man of common intelligence, without any unusual sagacity, should be able to announce the truth sought for. Let Bacon speak for himself, in his editor's English:

"But the course I propose for the discovery of sciences is such as leaves but little to the acuteness and strength of wits, but places all wits and understandings nearly on a level. For, as in the drawing of a straight line or a perfect circle, much depends on the steadiness and practice of the hand, if it be done by aim of hand only, but if with the aid of rule or compass little or nothing; so it is exactly with my plan. . . . For my way of discovering sciences goes far to level men's wits, and leaves but little to individual excellence; because it performs everything by the surest rules and demonstrations."

To show that we do not strain Bacon's meaning, we add what is said by Hooke, whom we have already mentioned as his professed disciple, and, we believe, his only disciple of the day of Newton. We must, however, remind the reader that Hooke was very little of a mathematician, and spoke of algebra from his own idea of what others had told him.—

"The intellect is not to be suffered to act without its helps, but is continually to be assisted by some method or engine, which shall be as a guide to regulate its actions, so as that it shall not be able to act amiss. Of this engine, no man except the incomparable Verulam hath had any thoughts, and he indeed hath promoted it to a very good pitch; but there is yet somewhat more to be added, which he seemed to want time to complete. By this, as by that art of algebra in geometry, 'twill be very easy to proceed in any natural inquiry, regularly and certainly. . . . For as 'tis very hard for the most acute wit to find out any difficult problem in geometry without the help of algebra . . . and altogether as easy for the meanest capacity acting by that method to complete and perfect it, so will it be in the inquiry after natural knowledge."

Bacon did not live to mature the whole of this plan. Are we really to believe that if he had completed the 'Instauratio' we who write this—and who feel ourselves growing bigger as we write it—should have been on a level with Newton in physical discovery? Bacon asks this belief of us, and does not get it. But it may be said, your business is with what he *did* leave, and with its consequences. Be it so. Mr. Ellis says, "That his method is imprac-

ticable cannot I think be denied, if we reflect not only that it never has produced any result, but also that the process by which scientific truths have been established cannot be so presented as even to appear to be in accordance with it." That this is very true is well known to all who have studied the history of discovery: those who deny it are bound to establish either that some great discovery has been made by Bacon's method—we mean by the part peculiar to Bacon—or better still, to show that some new discovery can be made, by actually making it. No general talk about *induction*: no reliance upon the mere fact that certain experiments or observations have been made; let us see where Bacon's *induction* has been actually used or can be used. Mere induction, *enumeratio simplex*, is spoken of by himself with contempt, as utterly incompetent. For Bacon knew well that a thousand instances may be contradicted by the thousand and first: so that no enumeration of instances, however large, is "sure demonstration," so long as any are left.

The immortal Harvey, who was *inventing*—we use the word in its old sense—the circulation of the blood, while Bacon was in the full flow of thought upon his system, may be trusted to say whether, when the system appeared, he found any likeness in it to his own processes, or what would have been any help to him, if he had waited for the 'Novum Organum.' He said of Bacon, "He writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor." This has been generally supposed to be only a sneer at the *aut or ultra crepidam*: but we cannot help suspecting that there was more intended by it. To us, Bacon is eminently the philosopher of *error prevented*, not of *progress facilitated*. When we throw off the idea of being *led right*, and betake ourselves to that of being *kept from going wrong*, we read his writings with a sense of their usefulness, his genius, and their probable effect upon purely experimental science, which we can be conscious of upon no other supposition. It amuses us to have to add that the part of Aristotle's logic of which he saw the value was the book on *refutation of fallacies*. Now is this not the notion of things to which the bias of a practised lawyer might lead him? In the case which is before the Court, generally speaking, truth lurks somewhere about the facts, and the elimination of all error will show it in the residuum. The two senses of the word *law* come in so as to look almost like a play upon words. The judge can apply the law so soon as the facts are settled: the physical philosopher has to deduce the law from the facts. Wait, says the judge, until the facts are determined: did the prisoner take the goods with felonious intent? did the defendant give what amounts to a *warranty*? or the like. Wait, says Bacon, until all the facts, or all the obtainable facts, are brought in: apply my rules of separation to the facts, and the result shall come out as easily as by ruler and compasses. We think it possible that Harvey might allude to the legal character of Bacon's notions: we can hardly conceive so acute a man, after seeing what manner of writer Bacon was, meaning only that he was a lawyer and had better stick to his business. We do ourselves believe that Bacon's philosophy more resembles the action of mind of a common-law judge—not a Chancellor—that that of the physical inquirers who have been supposed to follow in his steps. It seems to us that Bacon's argument is, there can be nothing of law but what must be either perceptible, or mechanically deducible, when all the results of law, as exhibited in phenomena, are before us. Now the truth is, that the physical philosopher has frequently to conceive law which never

was in his previous thought—to educe the unknown, not to choose among the known. Physical discovery would be very easy work if the inquirer could lay down his this, his that, and his t'other, and say, "Now, one of these it must be; let us proceed to try which." Often has he done this, and failed; often has the truth turned out to be neither this, that, nor t'other. Bacon seems to us to think that the philosopher is a judge who has to choose, upon ascertained facts, which of known statutes is to rule the decision: he appears to us more like a person who is to write the statute-book, with no guide except cases and decisions presented in all their confusion and all their conflict.

Let us take the well-known first aphorism of the 'Novum Organum':—

"Man being the servant and interpreter of nature, can do and understand so much, and so much only, as he has observed in fact or in thought of the course of nature: beyond this he neither knows anything nor can do anything."

This aphorism is placed by Sir John Herschel at the head of his 'Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy': a book containing notions of discovery far beyond any of which Bacon ever dreamed; and this because it was written after discovery, instead of before. Sir John Herschel, in his version, has avoided the translation of *re* *mente observeaverit*, and gives us only "by his observation of the order of nature." In making this the opening of an excellent sermon, he has imitated the theologians, who often employ the whole time of the discourse in stuffing matter into the text, instead of drawing matter out of it. By *observation* he means the whole course of discovery, observation, hypothesis, deduction, comparison, &c. The type of the Baconian philosopher, as it stood in his mind, had been derived from a noble example, his own father, William Herschel, an inquirer whose processes would have been held by Bacon to have been vague, insufficient, compounded of chance work and sagacity, and too meagre of facts to deserve the name of induction. In another work, his treatise on Astronomy, Sir John Herschel, after noting that a popular account can only place the reader on the threshold, proceeds to speak as follows of all the higher departments of science. The italics are his own.—

"Admission to its sanctuary, and to the privileges and feelings of a votary, is only to be gained by one means,—sound and sufficient knowledge of mathematics, the great instrument of all exact inquiry, without which no man can ever make such advances in this or any other of the higher departments of science as can entitle him to form an independent opinion on any subject of discussion within their range."

How is this? Man can know no more than he gets from observation, and yet mathematics is the great instrument of all exact inquiry. Are the results of mathematical deduction results of observation? We think it likely that Sir John Herschel would reply that Bacon, in coupling together *observare re* and *observeare mente* has done what some wags said Newton afterwards did in his study-door, cut a large hole of exit for the large cat, and a little hole for the little cat. But Bacon did no such thing: he never included any deduction under observation. To mathematics he had a dislike. He averred that logic and mathematics should be the handmaids, not the mistresses, of philosophy. He meant that they should play a subordinate and subsequent part in the dressing of the vast mass of facts by which discovery was to be rendered equally accessible to Newton and to us. Bacon himself was very ignorant of all that had been done by mathematics; and, strange to say, he especially objected to astronomy being handed over to the mathematicians. Leverrier and Adams,

calculating an unknown planet into visible existence by enormous heaps of algebra, furnish the last comment of note on this specimen of the goodness of Bacon's views. The following account of his knowledge of what had been done in his own day or before it, is Mr. Spedding's collection of casual remarks in Mr. Ellis's several prefaces:—

"Though he paid great attention to astronomy, discussed carefully the methods in which it ought to be studied, constructed for the satisfaction of his own mind an elaborate theory of the heavens, and listened eagerly for the news from the stars brought by Galileo's telescope, he appears to have been utterly ignorant of the discoveries which had just been made by Kepler's calculations. Though he complained in 1623 of the want of compendious methods for facilitating arithmetical computations, especially with regard to the doctrine of Series, and fully recognized the importance of them as an aid to physical inquiries,—he does not say a word about Napier's Logarithms which had been published only nine years before and reprinted more than once in the interval. He complained that no considerable advance had been made in geometry beyond Euclid, without taking any notice of what had been done by Archimedes and Apollonius. He saw the importance of determining accurately the specific gravities of different substances, and himself attempted to form a table of them by a rude process of his own, without knowing of the more scientific though still imperfect methods previously employed by Archimedes, Ghetaldus, and Porta. He speaks of the *τρόποι* of Archimedes in a manner which implies that he did not clearly apprehend either the nature of the problem to be solved or the principles upon which the solution depended. In reviewing the progress of mechanics, he makes no mention of Archimedes himself, or of Stevinus, Galileo, Guldinus, or Ghetaldus. He makes no allusion to the theory of equilibrium. He observes that a ball of one pound weight will fall nearly as fast through the air as a ball of two, without alluding to the theory of the acceleration of falling bodies, which had been made known by Galileo more than thirty years before. He proposes an inquiry with regard to the lever,—namely, whether in a balance with arms of different length but equal weight the distance from the fulcrum has any effect upon the inclination,—though the theory of the lever was as well understood in his own time as it is now. In making an experiment of his own to ascertain the cause of the motion of a windmill, he overlooks an obvious circumstance which makes the experiment inconclusive, and an equally obvious variation of the same experiment which would have shown him that his theory was false. He speaks of the poles of the earth as fixed, in a manner which seems to imply that he was not acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes; and in another place, of the north pole being above and the south pole below, as a reason why in our hemisphere the north winds predominate over the south."

Much of this was known before, but such a summary of Bacon's want of knowledge of the science of his own time was never yet collected in one place. We may add, that Bacon seems to have been as ignorant of Wright's memorable addition to the resources of navigation as of Napier's addition to the means of calculation. Mathematics was beginning to be the great instrument of exact inquiry: Bacon threw the science aside, from ignorance, just at the time when his enormous sagacity, applied to knowledge, would have made him see the part it was to play. If Newton had taken Bacon for his master, not he, but somebody else, would have been Newton.

There is an attempt at induction going on, which has yielded little or no fruit, the observations made in the meteorological observatories. This attempt is carried on in a manner which would have caused Bacon to dance for joy; for he lived in times when Chancellors did dance. Russia, says M. Biot, is covered by an army of meteorographs, with generals, high officers,

subalterns, and privates with fixed and defined duties of observation. Other countries have also their systematic observations. And what has come of it? Nothing, says M. Biot, and nothing will ever come of it: the veteran mathematician and experimental philosopher declares, as does Mr. Ellis, that no single branch of science has ever been fruitfully explored in this way. There is no *special object*, he says. Any one would suppose that M. Biot's opinion, given to the French Government upon the proposal to construct meteorological observatories in Algeria (*Comptes Rendus*, Vol. xli, Dec. 31, 1855) was written to support the mythical Bacon, modern physics, against the real Bacon of the 'Novum Organum.' There is no *special object*. In these words lies the difference between the two methods.

Modern discoveries have not been made by large collections of facts, with subsequent discussion, separation, and resulting deduction of a truth thus rendered perceptible. A few facts have suggested an *hypothesis*, which means a *supposition*, proper to explain them. The necessary results of this supposition are worked out, and then, and not till then, other facts are examined to see if these ulterior results are found in nature. The trial of the hypothesis is the *special object*: prior to which, hypothesis must have been started, not by rule, but by that sagacity of which no description can be given, precisely because the very owners of it do not act under laws perceptible to themselves. The inventor of hypothesis, if pressed to explain his method, must answer as did Zerah Colburn, when asked for his mode of instantaneous calculation. When the poor boy had been bothered for some time in this manner, he cried out in a huff, "God put it into my head, and I can't put it into yours." Wrong hypotheses, rightly worked from, have produced more useful results than unguided observation. But this is not the Baconian plan. Charles the Second, when informed of the state of navigation, founded a Baconian observatory at Greenwich, to observe, observe, observe away at the moon, until her motions were known sufficiently well to render her useful in guiding the seaman. And no doubt Flamsteed's observations, twenty or thirty of them at least, were of signal use. But how? A somewhat fanciful thinker, one Kepler, had hit upon the approximate orbits of the planets by trying one hypothesis after another: he found the *ellipse*, which the Platonists, well despised of Bacon, and who would have despised him as heartily if they had known him, had investigated and put ready to hand nearly 2,000 years before. The sun in the focus, the motions of the planet more and more rapid as they approach the sun, led Kepler—and Bacon would have reproved him for his rashness—to imagine that a force residing in the sun might move the planets, a force inversely as the distance. Bouillaud, upon a fanciful analogy, rejected the inverse distance, and, rejecting the force altogether, declared that if such a thing there were, it would be as the inverse *square* of the distance. Newton, ready prepared with the mathematics of the subject, tried the fall of the moon towards the earth, away from her tangent, and found that, as compared with the fall of a stone, the law of the inverse square did hold for the moon. He deduced the ellipse, he proceeded to deduce the effect of the disturbance of the sun upon the moon, upon the assumed theory of universal gravitation. He found result after result of his theory in conformity with observed fact: and, by aid of Flamsteed's observations, which amended what mathematicians call his *constants*, he constructed his lunar theory. Had it not been for Newton, the whole dynasty

of Greenwich astronomers, from Flamsteed of happy memory, to Airy whom Heaven preserve, might have worked away at nightly observation and daily reduction, without any remarkable result: looking forward, as to a millennium, to the time when any man of moderate intelligence was to see the whole explanation. What are large collections of facts for? To make theories from, says Bacon: to try ready-made theories by, says the history of discovery: it's all the same, says the idolater: nonsense, say we!

Time and space run short: how odd it is that of the three leading ideas of mechanics, time, space, and matter, the first two should always fail a reviewer before the third. We might dwell upon many points, especially if we attempted a more descriptive account of the valuable edition before us. No one need imagine that the editors, by their uncompromising attack upon the notion of Bacon's influence common even among mathematicians and experimental philosophers, have lowered the glory of the great man whom it was, many will think, their business to defend through thick and thin. They have given a clearer notion of his excellencies, and a better idea of the power of his mind, than ever we saw given before. Such a correction as theirs must have come, and soon, for, as Hallam says—after noting that the 'Novum Organum' was never published separately in England, Bacon has probably been more read in the last thirty years—now forty than in the two hundred years which preceded. He will now be more read than ever he was. The history of the intellectual world is the history of the worship of one idol after another. No sooner is it clear that a Hercules has appeared among men, than all that imagination can conceive of strength is attributed to him, and his labours are recorded in the heavens. The time arrives when, as in the case of Aristotle, a new deity is found, and the old one is consigned to shame and reproach. A reaction may afterwards take place, and this is now happening in the case of the Greek philosopher. The end of the process is, that the opposing deities take their places, side by side, in a Pantheon dedicated, not to gods, but to heroes.

Passing over the success of Bacon's own endeavours to improve the details of physical science, which was next to nothing, and of his method as a whole, which has never been practised, we might say much of the good influence of his writings. Sound wisdom, set in sparkling wit, must instruct and amuse to the end of time: and, as against error, we repeat that Bacon is soundly wise, so far as he goes. There is hardly a form of human error within his scope which he did not detect, expose, and attach to a satirical metaphor which never ceases to sting. He is largely indebted to a very extensive reading; but the thoughts of others fall into his text with such a close-fitting compactness that he can make even the words of the Sacred Writers pass for his own. A saying of the prophet Daniel, rather a hackneyed quotation in our day, *Multi pertransibunt, et augebitur scientia*, stands in the title-page of the first edition of Montucla's History of Mathematics as a quotation from Bacon,—and it is not the only place in which this mistake occurs. When the truth of the matter, as to Bacon's system, is fully recognized, we have little fear that there will be a reaction against the man. First, because Bacon will always live to speak for himself, for he will not cease to be read: secondly, because those who seek the truth will find it in the best edition of his works, and will be most ably led to know what Bacon was, in the very books which first showed at large what he was not.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—There are some items of the week that are not without interest, and which may be clubbed together.—A valuable sample of seeds of various sorts have reached Kew Gardens from Dr. Livingstone. Of these we shall hope to hear something from the learned Curator, under whose superintendence these Gardens have made such progress in beauty and usefulness.—The mission of Livingstone reminds us of another African traveller, Dr. Vogel, into the nature of whose death our Consul at Tripoli has been ordered to institute inquiries. This is the result of a request made to Queen Victoria at Berlin, by Alexander von Humboldt.—The more august traveller that is now majestically crossing the skies, has had his way heralded on several evenings, before dark, by the appearance of meteors of great brilliancy and various hue. It is averred that in October Donati's comet will be visible at noon-day, through a good telescope. The diameter of this sublime visitor is set down at 3,000 miles, with a length of tail amounting to 15,000,000 miles. Its distance from the earth is only eight times the length of this magnificent tail. Donati's comet has rendered the general public indifferent to Encke's, "the Mercury of comets," to see which a man must be up very early, or not in bed till very late. These comets, however, have their respective admirers among astronomers, just as, among scientific men of another class, the Enfield and the Lancaster rifles have their respective patrons. An improved method for loading the former was supposed to have rendered it perfect; but recent trials have proved that the "Lancaster" is so constructed that a man cannot shoot ill with it, unless voluntarily.—There are, too, other sorts of antagonism in science, just now, particularly among the friends of alleged discoveries. Thus the friends of Mr. Beattie, of the London and South-Western Railway, claim for him the merit of a priority of discovery of the advantages of using coal instead of coke in locomotive engines.—Admiral Sartorius, again, writes to say that the idea of a steam battering-ram ship was conveyed by him to the French and English Governments, at the opening of the Russian war. The inference is, that Napoleon the Third's "*raisseur belier*" is only a plagiarism.—In more quiet matters of science we find the *Journal des Débats* contesting the right of Mr. Pouncey to be considered the inventor of printing in carbon, and alleging that the idea, at least originally, was M. Poitevin's. Another process, having this photographic end in view, has been hit upon by MM. Garnier and Salmon—a process depending upon the adhesion of lamp-black to citrate of iron which has not been exposed to the light. We are informed that this process does not differ in principle from those of Mr. Pouncey and M. Testard de Beauregard, except in the substitution of citrate of iron for bichromate of iron, and in the mode of working.—A difference of opinion as to merit of originality is further entertained respecting the discovery of the electric telegraph. Mr. Morse's claim is considered by American journalists to be inferior to that of Dr. Jackson of Boston, the celebrated inventor of etherification. The editor of *Cosmos* (a French scientific journal) considers the rights of Mr. Wheatstone to the honour of priority as incontestable.—Finally, the *Débats* claims for a French dentist, Simon, the invention of an electro-magnetic apparatus for the painless extraction of teeth.—To pass to other paths of science, we may notice that an invention has been patented for preparing the surface of an engraved copper-plate, so as to render it capable of yielding a greatly increased number of impressions. It is stated that upwards of ten thousand impressions have been taken from a plate thus prepared.—We conclude this bundle of Scientific Gossip by an extract from the "Report of the Commissioners of Sewers," the importance of which will be equalled—so we trust—only by the immense practical good to be derived from it:—"We have (says the 'Report') in common wood charcoal a powerful means of destroying the foul gases of sewers. How it is to be applied is a question of but little embarrassment. Ventilate the sewers as you will, either by the open gratings in the streets, or by the rain-water pipes of the houses, or by the pillars of the gas-lamps, or

by tubes carried up at the landlord's expense from the drains of every house, or by special shafts in the public streets—in fact, let the gases go out of the sewers how they will and where they will, you have but to place a small box containing a few penniesworth of charcoal in the course of the draught, and the purification of the air will be complete. As far as we know, the strength and the endurance of this power are almost unlimited; so that when once the air filter has been set up it will last continuously for years. Its action also upon the draught is not particularly injurious. The temperature of the sewers, and the agencies which are now at work in circulating the air and ventilating them, will be sufficient to keep up a current of foul air through the filters, and if these were multiplied to a large extent, the friction of the gases upon the charcoal would be reduced to an insignificant amount."

Prof. M'Coy, who is Director of the Museums of Natural History, Geology and Agriculture (Victoria), has lately received from Europe many excellent models of European mining machines, which are now exhibited in the museums, and attract much attention. The museums are admirably arranged; and Prof. M'Coy from time to time adds some new feature, interesting and valuable in a country where mining machinery is but little understood.

A Board of Science has just been constituted in Melbourne, Victoria, to advise the Government on all matters for the consideration of which special scientific or technical knowledge is requisite. The names of the members are published in the *Government Gazette*. They are as follows:—The Hon. Andrew Clarke, R.E.; The Hon. Charles Pasley, R.E.; Prof. M'Coy, A. R. C. Selwyn, Esq., Government Geologist; F. F. Mueller, Esq., Government Botanist; C. W. Lige, Esq., Surveyor-General; G. C. Derbyshire, Esq., Engineer-in-Chief of Railways; T. Skilling, Esq., Director of Model Farms; R. Brough Smyth, Esq., Director of Meteorological Observatories.

There are now about twenty-five meteorological stations in Victoria, at altitudes varying from 30 to 2,000 feet. From the disposition of the observatories much information is obtained respecting the "hot winds." There does not appear to be very much difference in the humidity of the hot wind, either on the mountains or on the plains,—but the temperature is generally greater at the lower stations. There appear to be very great differences in the amount of rain. On the sea-board, and on the dividing range, the fall is much greater than on the low level plains, bounding the south-western basin of the Murray. The great and disastrous floods which visited New South Wales in August 1857 did not extend to Victoria.

The *Flensburger Zeitung* is occupied with a subject which is of interest to antiquaries generally. In the Hôtel de Ville of Flensburg there is now to be seen an exhibition of articles recently taken from the great marshes of Suder-Barup (Schleswig). They consist of bows, arrows, spears, shields, and portions of dresses of cloth, wool, or leather. These are supposed to be the remains of an army which some two thousand years ago was crossing these marshes over the thin ice and was swallowed up. All the objects named are in excellent preservation.

FINE ARTS

The Origin and Meaning of the Early Interlaced Ornamentations found on the Ancient Sculptured Stones of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man.
By Gilbert J. French.

THIS little pamphlet, intended for presentation only, sets forth some novel theories and views, which may, at the least, be regarded as entertaining,—we therefore take the opportunity of laying an epitome of its pages before our readers. The subject, more or less familiar to every one, is that of certain architectural ornaments which resemble the interlacing or plaiting of bands, twigs, straps, or metallic forms on a given surface. They are found on the most ancient sculptured stones in various parts of the British Isles, and are considered referable to a period long anterior to the

coming of the Romans,—so far, indeed, beyond the date either of written or traditional record that Daniel Wilson has invented for it the term "pre-historic."

Mr. French commences by quoting the earliest existing account of our own nations, written by one who could well appreciate both the attainment of luxury and the efforts made towards it by a comparatively helpless people. Julius Caesar, in his *Commentaries of the Gallic War*, and describing the habits of the Gauls generally, mentions emphatically their custom of sacrificing human life to appease their gods; and that the Druids, when prisoners of war or malefactors were not forthcoming, took victims from among their innocent fellow-creatures. The Ancient Britons seem to have been famous in Italy for their basket-work,—hence the *bascarde* of Juvenal and Martial; and witness the still existing wicker-boats or coracles on the Wye—of which materials also were the cages made wherein the human victims above alluded to were sacrificed. These cages were made into colossal figures, the limbs of which, formed of osiers, were filled with living men; and these being set on fire, the men perished enveloped in the flames. As a human form for this monster is not implied in the above passage, Mr. French verily believes that he has detected an extant representation of one of these constructions on what is known as the Shandwick stone, which exhibits a four-legged monster with two sheep and a dog on the ground between its legs. The monster, it is true, is unlike any known animal, whilst the other animals are at once recognizable; but what Mr. French takes to be indications of basket-work, both on that and on similar representations, can only be a barbaric enrichment and ornamentation, covering a given space, like writing-masters' flourishes,—for it neither conveys, to our notion, either the texture of integument or the constructive peculiarities of wicker-work. The whole page, however, is highly suggestive to some future spectacular manager, towards embellishing the *finale* of '*Norma*', during which a huge beast, as figured on these plates, with curled snout, horns, tail, and feet ready for combustion, would produce a terrific effect, instead of the moderate puff of red fire which is occasionally seen as the curtain falls. The next stage in Mr. Gilbert French's work is to explain the interlaced devices upon the earliest stone crosses. The prototypes of these he assumes to have been composed of *baskets* heaped together! He quotes Bede in an assertion that the poor Britons, when advised by the Romans at the time of their leaving them, constructed a wall of sods instead of hewn stone, "having," it is said, "no artist capable of such a work." This may apply to the construction of a wall of defence, but a monumental cross—considering the origin of the symbol—would most improbably have been built of such separable material. Two solid pieces of wood roughly hewn and bound together with ties and knots ornamental arranged, suggest a much more likely origin where interlacing should be accounted for. Mr. French quotes the instance of St. Kentigern, the St. Mungo of Scotland, having set up a cross constructed of sea-sand, which he assumes could only be made available packed in baskets. But with the addition of some binding material, these loose particles would become a solid cement, and possibly in itself afford a durable substance,—unless, indeed, a mortared construction is intended to be implied. We further meet, at page 18, with mention of a cross of interwoven twigs set upon a heap of stones known as St. Patrick's Altar in the little island of Lough Derg. For processional purposes an osier cross would be most advantageous, and no doubt considerable ingenuity of plaiting and decoration was expended upon such constructions, just in the same manner as Oriental Christians still interweave palm-branches in honour of the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, many of which are annually laid up as relics in the wayside churches.

If ever of basket work at any time, such crosses would only have been in imitation of stone constructions, and those again having been derived from solid wood, little advantage could be derived by the assumption. All the patterns adduced by

Mr. French are bounded by a skeleton framework, which takes in almost every instance a rectangular form, and indicating the surface on which they occur to belong to something like a squared beam. Baskets are generally, and for obvious reasons, circular, whilst wicker trays and square receptacles seem to have been of a later and far different construction.

The interlaced pattern is so beautiful and varied, that we have been induced to dwell somewhat at length on this subject, feeling sure that much light yet remains to be thrown on it. This ornament is far more universal than Mr. French seems inclined to consider it. Plait patterns are Oriental, Roman, and Celtic. The eye instinctively derives great pleasure from a well-arranged and ingeniously devised series of concatenations, as seen on some of the Celtic gold ornaments. The commonest construction of lattice-work, composed of straight thongs of leather, is agreeable, and the effect is heightened when varied with bands of metal of a semicircular curve, so arranged as to form a series of intersections. These are found on many Celtic monuments, but always so placed as to fill space either in pannelling, within a frame, or within the fanciful outline of a figure, whether man or beast. In Saracenic architecture some of the most beautiful patterns, although perfectly flat in themselves, are constructed on the interlacing and nodous principle. So dominating did this taste become, that Arabic letters inlaid on objects of Art were linked together and twisted into a series of ties. The guilloche patterns of Nineveh and Ionia, the strapwork on the mosaic floors of Rome, the arches of Sant' Ambrogio at Milan, the Normans in Sicily, the capitals of Venice, and the Imperial pannelling at Gelnhausen, all exhibit the same principle at various periods and with different results. How the direct lizard representation came to be so abundantly introduced at one time is also a matter still for investigation. It is, nevertheless, beautiful and wonderfully elaborate. The barbarous figures in plate No. 7, which Mr. French reproduces as instances of the human form imitated in twigs, is very inconclusive, since all peculiarities of marking, —and as far as they extend they might truly be compared to the rush seat of an old-fashioned chair,—are confined to the garments, and serve to indicate folds of the cloth which swathes them. All that is rough and worn is not necessarily the most ancient; and, rude as the carving of these ornaments is, we cannot avoid thinking that they indicate a considerable advance in civilization on the part of the people that hewed them. The refinements of embroidery displayed on the sculptures of Nineveh greatly surprised the world of antiquaries when the unquestionable remains of so remote a people in the history of mankind were first laid open to view. Flat braid laid down upon any smooth surface of stuff would reproduce any of the patterns that have been referred to in the pages we have kept before us. Even at the present day the Turkish bazaars teem with every variety of interlacing of a similar nature where the same material may be found indifferently employed, whether to form a name to decorate the corner of a jacket, or to enrich a centre from which some flossy silk tassel is intended to dangle.

The Triumph of Julius Caesar: a Series of Outlines from the Original Pictures at Hampton Court Palace, by Andrew Mantegna. Drawn on Stone by Henry Duke. With Introductory Remarks, and a Short Memoir of that Great Painter. (Rowney & Co.)

On first looking at this series of nine plates from the famous paintings by Mantegna at Hampton Court, we were inclined to regard them as rough transcripts of the well-known engravings by Audenaerde, with which, at least, the principal figures correspond in size; but the accessories differ, and appear, as far as minutiae are concerned, to be much truer to the originals. The execution of these plates is blurred, and wanting both in appreciation of the relative position which Andrea held in the history of Art and delicacy of execution. His dryness of handling, co-existing with freedom of conception, is not preserved. The draperies, too, are badly copied, and wanting in intelligence

on the part of the engraver, who perpetuates faults committed, if not by Audenaerde, certainly by Audenaerde, instead of vindicating the minute and laboriously studied folds from the hands of the painter himself. Andrea's own engravings from certain compartments afford a good key to his peculiarities of execution, and should have been referred to. The old woodcuts render the numerous inscriptions more faithfully upon tablets and banners than Audenaerde cared to do upon the copper; indeed, for the most part, he omitted them altogether. In the compartment containing the captive princes, the tablet inscribed "S.P.Q.R. LIBER VRBIS" should be LIBERATORI VRBIS. The figures behind the bars of the window omitted by Audenaerde, here give an additional solemnity to the scene. The inscriptions on the concluding compartment are inaccurate, and required more careful study: for, in a subject of this antiquarian nature such completeness is to be desired, and the more so since it is only in delineation of the spoils that we can discover any essentially serviceable records afforded by the plates now submitted to notice. The general execution is coarse in the extreme, and will certainly do little to popularize these truly valuable paintings among the visitors to Hampton Court; but we heartily concur with the opinion uttered by Mr. Duke, that some record of these fast failing treasures is indeed desirable. They would be fair subjects for photography, since yellow forms but a small element in their colours; blue prevails, and, being painted in tempera and of a dull surface, they would be admirably adapted to receive the light from every direction. Perhaps upon the completion of the photographs from Raphael's Cartoons, Messrs. Thurston Thompson and Colnaghi may be induced to give the preservation of Mantegna their consideration.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—A successful attempt has at last been made to obtain what has long been a desideratum in lithography, namely, the means of transferring a chalk drawing from paper to stone, so as to yield any required number of impressions. Mr. Paul Gauci, whose name and that of his father have long been honourably known in connexion with drawing on stone, has discovered and holds the secret of this desirable process. From the practical means afforded us of testing the operation it seems highly satisfactory, but the number of impressions which such transfers will give in comparison with drawings on stone has yet to be seen. It has long been known that writings and drawings in ink, executed in plain black lines, made on prepared paper, can be transferred most perfectly on to a stone surface, and be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but all attempts to completely transfer shaded chalk drawings have hitherto failed. By Mr. P. Gauci's process, however, any one can sketch or draw in chalk upon his pleasantly smooth or, if requisite, roughened paper, and have numerous impressions in printing-ink, or, what is more captivating to amateurs, in *black lead*, so printed as really to have the effect of an ordinary lead-pencil drawing. Some studies from Nature, and of trees especially, drawn by Mr. Gauci himself, which have been printed in this process, are absolutely deceptive. For drawing-masters at schools we are of opinion that this new discovery will be of infinite value.

On the subject of 'The Fornarina,' called of Raphael, in the Tribune of the Uffizi, Florence, a Correspondent remarks:—"In reference to a recent review of the little work, by the Rev. Mr. Blake, on 'Foreign Picture Galleries,' in which the question touching the real painter of the so-called 'Fornarina' is mooted, the following extract, from an old Catalogue of the Collection (1810), may not be uninteresting:—'Autre portrait sur bois, en habit garni de pellisse, non achevé (dit à présent la Fornarina); tous les Catalogues (et l'inventaire du 1635) le disent de Giorgione: la physionomie n'est pas belle, mais excellémement peinte (comme l'est le Chevalier de Malthe par le même dans la salle des Vénitiens). La date du 1512, qu'en y lit, fait naître quelques doutes; les vrais connaisseurs remarquent, que les mains et les draperies sont éloignées du faire de Raphael.' H. C. B."

The Birmingham Society of Artists' Exhibition

was recently opened in New Street. The local papers affirm that there is no finer picture gallery in England than the one Birmingham now possesses. The pictures that excited marked admiration were, the veteran David Cox's vigorous water-colour pieces; also J. C. Horsley's 'Prince Henry assuming his Father's Crown,' David Roberts's 'Attack on a Caravan,' and (Her Majesty's contributions) the 'Una' and 'Cupid Disarmed,' by Frost. A Portrait of Sir Charles Eastlake, by Knight, and of Sir George Clerk, of Penicuick, by Sir John Watson Gordon, are highly spoken of. Sir John sent this picture fresh from his easel, a mark of distinction he has not, so far as we know, hitherto conferred but on the English and Scottish Academies. Landseer's 'Twins,'—'West's First Lesson in Art,' by Ward,—Landseer's 'Highland Shepherd's Home,'—Horsley's Quixotic 'Burning of the Books,'—Ward's 'Last Sleep of Argyle,'—the companion work, the closing scene of James Marquis of Montrose,—and the same artist's 'Alice Lisle concealing the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemoor' are among the pictures that were viewed with the greatest interest and admiration. Frith sent his 'Coming of Age in the Olden Time,' and in addition, there were specimens of Leslie, Cooper, Pickersgill, Patten, Willmore, Jones, E. W. Cooke and other members of the Academies of England, Scotland and Ireland. The untitled artists contributed largely and worthily. The local artists, too, Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Henry Lines, Mr. Samuel Lines, Mr. Harris, Mr. William Hall, Mr. Burt and Mr. Radcliffe, supported the credit of this Society.

"Ruins are nothing if not picturesque" is a remark that will be found in another column. We are not surprised that the Prince of Wales has been disgusted with those of the Church at Aghadoe. Neither prince nor artist could look with well-satisfied eye on a scene of desolation and desecration, where bodies lie in rotten coffins, on the stones of the old church, and Irish pigs, which come to English markets, have free access to old graveyard and ancient church. Such a scene is enough to make a traveller turn to the Continent,—but, to say nothing of the cruel caprices of the passport system, and the unutterable insolence and rapacity of *douaniers* and police on the French frontiers, there are unpleasant obstacles abroad too. The valleys of the Alps are filled with snow,—hot fever is raging at Basle,—and in other parts, where pictures, ruins, or grand scenery abound, there is pestilence of some sort or other. The most enterprising artists we have heard of are those from America, who have squatted somewhere near Turkey, and circulated the notes of the Constantinople Bank, so well forged as to do credit to the powers of the felonious artist. More pleasant and even brave travellers are the two Miss Hendersons and Miss Holmes, who, despising the perils of the rough way, courageously joined a gentlemen's party and visited the boiling Geysers of Iceland. No other lady traveller, it is said, has ever reached that point, except Madame Ida Pfeiffer. The aristocracy of the Icelandic capital were so delighted that they gave the adventurous beauties a ball,—and there was hearty dancing to the joyous grinding of a barrel-organ. We shall have all this, we hope, in pictorial sketches. Let us add here, in connexion with travellers, that the sketches of and notes on the tombs recently excavated in the neighbourhood of Rome were made by Mr. Charles Eastlake, and not by his uncle, Sir Charles.—It is curious to see to what purposes artistic travellers address themselves. The other day, there was a photographic wayfarer in Algeria, who, coming upon the execution of several Arab murderers, set up his dark chamber in a cart, and took off their heads as quickly as the guillotine. He thus describes the scene in the *Photographic Journal*:—

"The criminals were not brought on the scaffold together, but led up one at a time. The first was the sheikh, who seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. So rapidly was he bound to the plank and thrust under the axe, that I had barely time to insert the plate-holder and get the instantaneous movement into order before the sharp edge descended, and his head rolled into the basket. This picture was quite successful, and so was the second;

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but the third presented a dim appearance; the fourth was nearly, and the fifth and sixth were wholly, invisible. How to account for this I know not, unless the atmosphere around the scaffold became in some way affected by the blood, the odour of which was distinctly perceptible to me. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to suggest the reason.—And herewith end one paragraph and many items of gossip.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S Comic, Musical, and Fanciful Drawing-room Entertainment, "PATCHWORK," at THE EGERTON HALL, VICTORIA TERMINUS, at EIGHT (10d.) MR. ALBERT SMITH absent abroad. Saturday Mornings at Three Stalls, 2s; Area, 2s; Gallery, 1s. No extra for booking places. The Salts is newly decorated.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The usual winter management of this theatre, under the direction of Mr. Phelps, commenced on Saturday. Mr. Phelps has produced so much of the Shakspearian drama, that he has little margin left for novelty; and even the once powerful accessory of new scenery and dresses is no longer available as a resource. This house is now entirely dependent on the *prestige* that it has already earned, and on the merit of the actors. It shows how firm the hold is that the performances here have taken on the appreciation of the play-going public, when it can be recorded with truth that the season opened with the well-worn tragedy of "Othello," with the accustomed cast, to a full house. The *Moor* of Mr. Phelps, the *Iago* of Mr. Marston, the *Cassio* of Mr. Robinson, were as warmly greeted as if witnessed for the first time. There, too, were again Mrs. Charles Young as *Desdemona*, and Miss Atkinson as *Emilia*; and the audience were as well satisfied with them as ever. The management has fairly survived the chrysalis period of spectacle, and is justly entitled to the fruit of so much cost and labour. The public believe in the established company as composed of Shakspearian actors, and no longer crowd to witness a gorgeously appointed revival, but are well content with a legitimate play, carefully rehearsed, properly costumed, and conscientiously acted.

LYCEUM.—Mrs. Charles Young having resumed her engagement at Sadler's Wells, it has been necessary to find another representative of *Miss Vavasour*, in the new comedy of "Extremes." Mrs. A. Mellon, late Miss Woolgar, accordingly made her appearance in the character on Saturday. The part is one better adapted to her style than to that of Mrs. Young. The coquettish scenes are, indeed, admirably interpreted; and the minute touches that are thrown in to indicate moods and motives are for the most part as exquisitely executed as they are skilfully conceived. The drama will gain much by the change of cast. The houses continue good.

"Too much for Good Nature," is a new farce in one act, and we believe written by Mr. Falconer. It is of the broad and riotous kind, full of noise, bustle and extravagance, sacrificing probability and propriety to effect. Exaggerated incidents, like those in this farce, provoke immense laughter; and the parts are so energetically acted—the strength of the company, as it is phrased, being engaged in support of the new production—that the performance is generally successful, and the curtain falls to loud applause.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Since we wrote last, the Leeds Festival has come to its end. The receipts, as it was only fair to expect, show a handsome surplus for charitable uses. The singers and players are scattered hither and thither,—some to take holiday,—more, new engagements,—there being no creature on earth more reluctant to take rest than the musical artist,—albeit there is none by whom rest is more imperatively needed. After these great Festivals, it is curious to notice the outbreak of smaller sacred performances in neighbouring towns, which follows as almost a matter of course,—claiming no report, albeit indicating the wondrous amount of English appetite for serious vocal music.—It must be felt, however, that the Midland and Northern Meetings have this year had a greater importance than usual; if only for the inlet they have opened to English music,—

that the trial has been well borne by both Mr. H. Leslie and Dr. Bennett; though it is only on reflection that its full difficulty will appear. If "Judith" and "The May Queen" should not become stock pieces at the Festivals, such fact in no respect decides their value. It indicates merely the singular fastidiousness of our audiences. Persons of fashion and religion will crowd to hear "The Messiah" and "Elijah,"—will consent to admit "The Creation," and (with an effort) Mozart's "Requiem," and Handel's "Israel"; but it may be asserted that the above are about the only Oratorios which "draw."—The popularity of Dr. Spohr's "Last Judgment" has utterly faded out. "St. Paul" can only be introduced at rare intervals. The "Mount Sinai" and "David" of Neu-komm (in his day called the "King of Birmingham") are nowhere; and what a tale is told in the fact that the bulk of Cherubini's church music (some of the noblest in existence) is utterly unknown and untried in this country!—Loudly as we English are for ever talking about "native talent," our aversion of novelty almost amounts to resentment of it. There is no chance of a new composition being relished as it deserves on a single hearing,—there is as little chance of its gaining a second one. It might be well if our amateurs would bear these things in mind, when they come to listen to what is unknown, or decide on staying away from it, since it can hardly be expected that committees (especially when they act on behalf of Charity) will stand alone in support of Art, and will lose money in presenting that which is to be grudgingly received. Giving all these considerations their weight, and not pretending that either of the English composers, whose compositions have been recently produced, at late Festivals is as popular as Mendelssohn—we may point to the success of their works as remarkable,—as one which should encourage their writers to further efforts in the higher styles of music,—and justify directors in keeping the door open. By degrees, perhaps, we shall have a public more ready to co-operate in the welcome of novelties than is at present the case.—We are reminded, by the way, in the interesting series of papers on the Birmingham General Hospital, which have been collected and reprinted from a journal of that town, that "Judith" is not the first English oratorio which has been honoured with a hearing at the great midland Festival. In the year 1787, Lord Dudley placed at the Committee's disposal "a new oratorio entitled 'Goliath,'" by Mr. Atterbury, a well-known writer of part-songs,—among others, "Come, let us all a-maying go." This oratorio was duly performed. Has any one ever seen or heard a note of it?

Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison's opera season opened at Drury Lane, on Monday last, with Mr. Balfe's "Rose of Castille." "Martha" is now, we understand, to be produced on Monday next.

Last week's ecclesiastical law reports unpleasantly reminded us how Church music—which ought to imply peaceful harmony,—if peace on earth there be—can be made an apple of discord; when a Dean having a gay taste, such as the Dean of Carlisle, and a Precentor who holds severe notions of what Service-music should be, come to issue. We have already mentioned the perfectly sensible protest against a chorus from "The Messiah," selected by the aforesaid gay Dean, which was put forward by the Precentor; also, that the latter claimed it as his right to decide what the Carlisle choir should sing on fast and feast days; thirdly, the displacement of the recusant and musical Precentor. At this point of the quarrel we left it; but that it has been taken up again, and every manner of personal grievance tacked to it, the documents of the Chapter House of Cumberland's Cathedral will show. A verdict has not been yet given by the Daniels endowed with judgment; but so far as the matter concerns music (and thus far only can it concern the *Athenæum*), there can be small doubt as to the reverence and the taste of the litigating parties. An oratorio, be it even "a sacred" one, such as is Handel's, and an anthem, stand on feet totally apart. The one is a work of religious art; the other (to employ a familiar illustration), is a piece of religious furniture. A fragment of a devout poem would sound strange and misplaced were it in-

troduced into the rite of worship as a prayer. These things have been strained on every side, we know,—their meaning abused—their efficacy over-rated; but Common Sense remains, let folly be ever so arrogant, let fashion be ever so foolish,—and Common Sense clearly traces a boundary line of distinction betwixt sacred and service music, which it behoves alike Deans, Deacons, Vicars-Choral, and Precentors to respect.

"La Harpe d'Or," an opera by that excellent harpist, M. Godefroid, has been produced at the *Théâtre Lyrique* with moderate success. Perhaps the composer has waited too long for his opportunity, since we know that, some ten years since, he was expecting his chance,—having been engaged with apparent strictness and real random, by M. Jullien, to furnish Drury Lane with an opera every year.—It is now certain that M. Carvalho, and Madame Miolan—that most accomplished singer, his wife,—will not quit the *Théâtre Lyrique*. The Lady is to be the *Marguerite* in M. Gounod's "Faust," which is now in rehearsal.—The accounts of M. Michot, a new tenor, who has appeared there, are good. He is said to have an "*ut de poitrine*" very nearly as striking as those of M. Duprez and Signor Tamberlik;—but this in nowise decides his accomplishments as an artist.—"La Part du Diable," one of MM. Scribe and Aubert's least interesting operas, has been revived at the *Opéra Comique*.—At the *Grand Opéra*, Miss Thomson, who carried off a first prize at the *Conservatoire* Examination the other day, is engaged.—The novelties and revivals promised for the Italian Opera during the winter are the "Macbeth" of Signor Ver'i; Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" (where is a King Henry to be found, now that Lablache is gone?); "Poliuto," (which is identical, we presume, with "Les Martyrs"); and "Roberto Devereux."—To these may be added Signor Mercadante's "Il Giuramento." The bill of fare is not one to quicken appetite:—we are glad, however, to see any attempt to widen the repertory, by recurring to the operas of Signor Mercadante, in some of which there is beautiful and honestly-made music. His "Leonora" has been again and again announced as in preparation; why is it never given?

Something more has transpired in regard to the opera by Signor Rossini, which was promised to the Italian Theatre in Paris for the season 1857-8. "Il Curioso Accidente," we now learn from the French Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, resembles its luckless predecessor, "Robert le Bruce," in being a *pasticcio* made up by Signor Berrettoni, and authenticated by "a certificate from Signor Rossini." It was put into rehearsal last season, but not produced, in consequence of which Signor Berrettoni has been suing M. Calzado, the manager of the Italian Opera in Paris, with the hope of obtaining damages for the delay. These have not been granted; but the Tribunal of Commerce ordains that the opera shall be represented before the 31st of December, 1859.

During the first days of October (we perceive by the foreign papers) there is to be held a Festival at Coblenz, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Musical Institute. The Oratorio chosen (for on these occasions the Germans rarely execute more than one complete work) is to be the "Samson" of Handel.—Ere this happens, a Festival of the Middle Rhine will be held at Wiesbaden, at which the one Oratorio is to be "The Creation." There is to be a popular Singing Festival at Innspruck in the course of next month:—this we should imagine well worth loitering or turning aside to partake of. The Continent has few haunts more enjoyable, few people more frank and kindly, than those belonging to the Valley of the Inn.—Among the "Festivals," or grand concerts, which have taken place during the last few weeks, may be mentioned one at Spa;—also the annual concourse at Baden-Baden, presided over by M. Berlioz, at which some of the conductor's music is always performed—this year, the earlier portions of his "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.—Dr. Liszt seems to keep his hold on the youth of the Universities, for we observe that at the three-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University of Jena a "Gloria in Excelsis," from his pen, was performed. Madame Gasser is described in the *New York*

Herald as having at once "vaulted into the highest favour" by her singing as *Amina*, in "La Sonnambula."—Mdle. Piccolomini will be shortly on her way to America.

MISCELLANEA.

Death of the Traveller Schlagenteit.—In India positive, and, it is feared, authentic, information has been received of the death of the explorer and naturalist, Adolphe Schlagenteit, one of the three brothers well known for their scientific researches pursued under the auspices of the East India Company, in India and among the Himalayas. It appears (says the *Times Correspondent*) that a party of Khokandpas, belonging to a tribe in revolt against the Chinese, came in to the Yarkand territory in the spring, and drove the few Chinese troops in the villages into the town of Yarkand. In one of the villages near the town the Khokandpas found Schlagenteit residing; and, in the course of conversation, he asked them why they did not attack Yarkand itself, where the Chinese force was so small and they were so numerous. For some unexplained reason they were offended at this question. They retired and held a consultation; the result of which was, that they decided he must be a friend of the Chinese and wished to ensnare them; and, in the dead of night, they surrounded his house and killed him, to the great regret of their chief, who has saved some of the unfortunate traveller's instruments.

Action Catalogues.—A long time ago we noticed something of which we made no mention at the time, because we did not wish to reflect upon the inadvertence of a respectable auctioneer, nor to cause the name of a clergyman to be placed in uncomfortable association with underclerical publications. Now that the matter is too far gone by to be poked out by the curious, we will give the warning which we determined to give at the time. We were looking at the auction catalogue of the books of the clergyman to whom we allude, of whom we knew something, consisting of all manner of divinity, science, literature, &c. As we turned over the pages, our eye was caught by rather a funny title, of which we thought nothing; because any collection may contain a casual black sheep, even without the owner's knowledge. But, reading on, we found that the next was as bad or worse, and the next, and so on. In fact, what between the obvious evidence of unblushing titles, and our own knowledge of the fame of more hidden ones, we found that Lord Campbell's Act was wanted. Had this clergyman possessed a private library not fit for decent eyes? Had his friends, in such case, had the bad taste and feeling to parade its contents under his name? We were puzzled by every supposition. But on looking very narrowly, we found that the clergyman's books ended a certain page, and that the next page was headed "Another Property." The auctioneer having this lot of immorality to dispose of, not large enough for a separate sale, had made it an appendix to the worthy clergyman's library. It will be obvious that the frequenters of the auction-room, and still more the casual visitors, do not narrowly scrutinize partitions. It may be that to this day, some of the buyers register these queer books in their memories as bought at the Rev. —'s sale, or even make a memorandum of that purport on the books themselves. Some persons preserve catalogues, and their collections pass into other hands at their deaths. Fifty years hence, the descendants of the clergyman may see, in literary or bibliographical history, a notice of their ancestor's literary skill in a certain department, which the historian may feel obliged to accompany with a sort of comment which will readily suggest itself.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—P. P.—An Englishman—W. P.—J. N.—received.

STAFFORDIENSIS says:—"I am about to publish a history of the parish of Tettishall, in Seisdon Hundred, county Staffordshire, with genealogical notices of the families connected with it. I shall be thankful to any of your readers who will favour me with communications of unpublished matter relative to my subject, addressed to me, care of Mr. Simpson, Market Place, Wolverhampton. I wish to know where the following lines, referring to Tettishall, are taken from:—

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As indicating the feeling of the Metropolitan Press upon the question, extracts from articles that have recently appeared are subjoined.

THE TIMES.—"Take away the duty and you open the manufacture, opening, also, hundreds of small mills in the quiet valleys and on the clear streams of the Midland and Southern Counties. One has only to look at one of these ruinous mills, to see the old men who worked in them half their lives, and hear their sad story, to feel the excessive hardship of the duty under which these mills were gradually impoverished and crippled, and finally brought to a standstill, while all other trades have been continually assisted by the Legislature."

MORNING POST.—"There are a certain number of standard questions of which whatever Party occupies the Treasury bench has to stand the assault every year. The presence on two benches of a Government bent on the acquisition of a majority has somewhat eliminated them, not by defeat, but by concession, and has given new hope and strange strength even to those who have been compelled to accept present discomfiture. Foremost in this latter category is the repeal of the paper duties. The condition of the national purse and the enormous augmentation of expenditure occasioned by war and war's creations, with which the ratio of increase in income, considerable and satisfactory as it is, has been quite unable to keep pace, have rendered absolute success impossible during the present year. The strongest advocates for the measure felt that they could not consistently with their duty, press its immediate carriage in the face of the financial statement presented to the public by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but they have obtained not only an admission from the Minister of the impolicy of the tax, but a positive resolution of the House of Commons affirming the expediency of its repeal. This is the first time that the cause of the paper duty has succeeded in making such a decided step in advance; it stands first now for repeal, and the House of Commons, no less than the Government, is pledged to devote the first attainable surplus of means to its extinction or modification. For a long time apprehension was very commonly entertained that cheap paper would give an impulse to literature of a low character, if not of a mischievous and demoralising tendency. This, events have proved to have been a mistake and a prejudice, and we now know that the legislator can devise no more efficient means of promoting the mental culture and training of the working classes than by enabling the undertakers of literature to present it at the lowest possible price to the public."

MORNING HERALD.—"The book trade is oppressed by the Paper Duty, and the book trade is not one in these days of so flourishing a description as to be able to bear such heavy burdens. So far, the repeal of the Paper Duty is called for on merely mercantile grounds; but we advocate its repeal, not simply as a tax on enterprise, but as a tax on knowledge. There is the same thirty and forty per cent., as the case may be, chargeable on the paper used in books on knowledge. Look at the exertions of Societies for the cheap publication of works of a religious, and also of a generally useful, character! Is the knowledge conveyed by works such as these a kind of knowledge that it can be desirable to oppress and restrict by such taxation? There is still another quarter in which this tax operates as a hardship. We have already spoken of the immense consumption of paper in the mercantile transactions of the day. Imagine London alone, with its two millions and more of inhabitants—with its banking-houses, its merchants' counting-houses, and its splendid shops—and consider the immense amount of paper daily consumed in this city alone. It must be remembered, too, that if this tax is a tax sustained in pursuit of wealth, paper is consumed in mercantile transactions in respect of merchandise which is already taxed in itself. This is, therefore, but double taxation, and as such it ought undoubtedly to cease. We are at this moment directing the energies of the better classes towards popular education. If the people are to be educated, why throw a tax on their education? This is blowing hot and cold. The House of Commons can hardly boast its liberality in matters of education, when its yearly grants are qualified by its taxation of paper. Let us obtain a repeal of such a tax, for it conflicts with the best interests of every class."

STANDARD.—"The arguments for and against the abolition of the Duty on Paper are yearly worn to rags, and—to borrow a figure from the very subject under discussion—the rags are continually worked up afresh, and appear again in the self-same form. That the agitation on this most important question should have continued so long without producing the desired result, must be regarded as a proof how indifferent the majority of our legislators are to the dictates of mere reason and principle, unsupported by any other motives of action. Here is a tax, the continuance of which is a stigma on our financial system, and a violation of the acknowledged principles of taxation, in support of which arguments can be advanced but the exploded cry against cheap literature, or the self-sufficient sophistries of trade interests, standing its ground in spite of the most persevering assaults which every argument in favour of progress and education—every aspiration for the increased welfare of mankind, conspires to render victorious. For years it has been recognized that the obstruction to improvements in manufacturing processes, caused by the intrusion and oppression of the exciseman, was in the highest degree impolitic, and justifiable only where the result of the manufacture constitutes a luxury. In pursuance of

this plain and rational doctrine, the duty on glass was, thirteen years ago, abolished, though not before the proofs of its absurd impolicy had been brought to a climax in the fact that Mr. Faraday was constrained to break off abruptly a series of experiments on the manufacture of glass for optical purposes at the moment the most brilliant results were in prospect, by the harring and extortive interference of the exciseman."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"The movement for repeal is confined to no class or interest whatever. It arises from the conviction by the public that it is mere hypocrisy to speak of national education, so long as the instructors of the people are fettered and burdened by an exaction which, if not levied upon a necessity of human life, is, at any rate, imposed upon that which is a necessity to the life of a nation. The petitions in favour of repeal are not signed by printers, by proprietors of journals, or by members of the Press alliance. They pour in from every town and from every class in this kingdom. They represent the body of public opinion. They protest against a system of fiscal injustice and false economy. They tell the Chancellor of the Exchequer that, so long as he maintains the Paper Duty, he is an enemy to popular education, and unjust to the manufacturers. When every sort of exemption is allowed, when designers of Jacquard patterns, envelope-makers, and other craftsmen are favoured with immunity; when papier-mâché is privileged; when, in fact, all paper not employed with a strictly legitimate and intellectual object is subjected to a grievous tariff, every economist is justified in complaining."

MORNING STAR.—"Everybody knows that taking the duty off paper means that we are to have cheap paper, just as a cheap cup or a cheap cigar would be the immediate result if the duties on tea and tobacco were abolished. Well, that being the case, why should we printers and publishers, whose business it is to circulate instruction among mankind, not be able to give our instruction untaxed?"

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SPECTATOR.—"Mr. Disraeli has expressed an opinion favourable to the repeal of the Paper Duty, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer can be caught in a position to spare the amount. Public opinion has by degrees arrived at the conclusion that few of our taxes are well founded. The time is ripe again, and it is probable that next session may present the desired opportunity. Nor is the recess to be wasted: a number of gentlemen familiar with the business have organized themselves with a view to marshal the press and the active portion of the public to bear upon the Government. It is already admitted that the repeal is only 'a work of time,' and this systematic effort promises to do the work in the shortest time practicable."

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John Westgarth, Esq., of Messrs. Westgarth, Ross & Co., Mincbourne; 29, Threadneedle-street.

Secretary.—A. P. Fletcher. Vice-Secretary—Edward Fuchs.

PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY DURING THE PAST THREE YEARS.

	1856.	1857.	1858.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Fire Premiums ..	77,520 19 9	91,306 3 6	101,230 13 6
Life Premiums ..	62,184 7 11	67,963 18 3	73,920 7 9

FOREIGN INSURANCES.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

LIFE.—Redemption allowed, without extra charge, in every part of the world, direct and through Agents.

FIRE.—The Directors having had all the important advantages as regards rates of Premium and Conditions, and a Discount is allowed to Merchants and others effecting their own and correspondents' Insurances.

AGENCIES.

The Directors are open to receive applications for places in which the Company is not already represented.

A. P. Fletcher.

President—Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart.

Directors.

James Alexander, Esq. William Gladstone, Esq.

Charles George Barnett, Esq. John Helme, Esq.

George Henry Barnett, Esq. John Irving, Esq.

Charles Buxton, Esq. Elliot Macnamara, Esq.

Sir George Carroll. Sir Edward Montefiore, Esq.

Benjamin Cowen, Esq. Sir George Peacock, Esq.

James Fletcher, Esq. Lionel N. de Rothschild, Esq.

Charles Gibbs, Esq. M.P. Thomas Charles Smith, Esq.

Auditors—George J. Goschen, Esq.; Andrew Johnson, Esq.; George Osborne, Esq.

LIFE ASSURANCES are granted under an extensive variety of forms, and Moderate Premiums; the Rates for the Younger lives being lower than those of many of the older and most respectable Offices.

PARTICIPATION OF PROFITS.—From Profits, or 20 per cent. of those entitled to participation.

NON-PARTICIPATING SCALES of PREMIUM.—Policies issued at minimum rates without participation in Profits.

LIFE POLICIES are NOT LIABLE for FORFEITURE by the Lives Assured proceeding beyond the prescribed limits without the cognizance of the holders of such Policies.

REDUCED EXTRA RATES for residence out of Europe.

NO CHARGE for Stamps or Medical Fees.

FIRE INSURANCES, both at home and abroad, are accepted at very moderate Premiums.

At the Annual participation in the Fire Profits in respect of Policies for five complete years at each period of Division.

Losses by Lightning are made good; and the Company are liable for Losses by Explosion, even when occasioned by Gunpowder, or in cases specially provided for in the Policy.

Detailed Prospects will be furnished on application.

* * * The Receipts for the RENEWAL PREMIUMS due at MICHAELMAS are ready for delivery in Town and County.

FRANCIS A. ENGELBACH, Actuary and Secretary.

ORNAMENTS for the MANTELPIECE, &c.

Statuettes, Group Vases, &c., in Parian, decorated Bisque and other China. Clocks (gilt, marble, and bronze), Alabaster, Bohemian Glass, first-class Bronzes, Candelabra, and many other Art-manufactures, all in the best taste, and at very moderate prices.

CHARLES HENRY LIDDERDALE, Actuary.

MECHI'S DRESSING CASES and TRAVELLING BAGS, 112, Regent-street, and 4, Leadenhall-street, London. Ladies' Vases, Perfume Boxes, and Dressing Cases, Toilet Cases, Work Boxes and Work Tables, Inkstands, Fans; the largest stock in England of Papier-mâché Elegancies, Writing-desks, Envelope Cases, Dispatch Boxes, Bagatelle, Billiard-tables, and Chess-tables. All articles are made to order, and are worthy of inspection as a specimen of elegant outfit. Everything for the Work and Dressing Tables; best Tooth-brushes, 2d. each; best Steel Scissors and Penknives, 1s. each; the usual supply of first-rate Cutlery, Razors, Hair-sticks, &c. &c. used for which Mr. MECHI's Establishments have been so long famous.

HANDSOME BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS.—HEAL & SON'S Show Rooms contain a large

assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for Home use and for Tropical Climates; handsome Iron Bedsteads with Drawings and elegantly Japanese; Plain Iron Bedsteads, &c. for Servants' Rooms, &c. Small Bedsteads, which are manufactured in Mahogany, Birch, Walnut Tree Woods; polished and japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furniture complete, as well as every description of Bedroom Furniture.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATA-

LOGUE, containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads,

as well as of 150 different articles of Bedroom Furniture, sent free by post.—HEAL & SON, Bedstead, Bedding, and Bedroom Fur-

niture Manufacturers, 196, Tottenham Court-road, W.

FREDERICK DENT, Chronometer, Watch and Clock Maker to the Queen and Prince Consort, and Maker of the Great Clock for the Houses of Parliament, 61, Strand, and 34, Royal Exchange.

No connexion with 33, Cockspur-street.

W.M. SMEE & SONS respectfully announce that their SPRING MATTRESS (Tucker's Patent), possessing great advantages in its comfort, cleanliness, simplicity, portability, and cheapness, is now ready for use. They are kept in stock by the principal upholsterers and Bedding Warehouses throughout the United Kingdom.

The Spring Mattress (Tucker's Patent), or "Somnium Tucker," is rapidly coming into general use in France and Belgium.

ELKINGTON & CO., PATENTEES of the ELECTRO-PLATE, MANUFACTURING SILVER-SMITHS, BRONZISTS, &c., beg to intimate that they have added to their extensive Stock a large variety of New Designs in the highest Class of Art, which have received unanimous PRAISE from the decoration of the Crown of the Legion of Honour, as well as the "Grande Médaille d'Honneur" (the only one awarded to the trade). The Council Medal was also awarded to them at the Exhibition in 1851.

Each article bears their mark, E. & Co., under a Crown; and articles sold as being plated by Elkington's Patent Process afford no guarantee of quality.

22, NEW-STREET, S.W., and 45, MOORGATE-STREET, LONDON; COLLEGE-GREEN, DUBLIN; and at their MANUFACTORY, NEWHALL-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.—Estimates and Drawings sent free by post. Re-plating and Gilding as usual.

"**EXCELLENTE BIJOUTERIE COUR-AXE**: Modèles spéciaux à la Fabrique."—WATHERSTON & BROGDEN, having been honoured with a First-Class Medal in the Parisian Exhibition, accompanied by the above plate, will be pleased to respectfully invite the public to an inspection of their GOLD CHAINS and extensive assortment of JEWELLERY, all made on the premises.

WATHERSTON & BROGDEN, Goldsmiths, Manufactory, 16, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, W.C. Established A.D. 1798.

N.B. Assays made of Chains and Jewellery for 1s. each.

FISHER'S DRESSING CASES; FISHER'S NEW DRESSING BAGS; FISHER'S PORTMANTEAUS, and TRAVELLING BAGS, 188, STRAND. Catalogues post free.

MAPPIN'S DRESSING CASES and TRAVELLING BAGS.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, Manufacturers by Special Appointment to the Queen, are the only Shelf-makers who supply the Committee of the Royal Society, the Royal Society, and KING WILLIAM-STREET, London Bridge, supplied by far the largest STOCK of DRESSING CASES, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's TRAVELLING BAGS in the World, each Article being manufactured under their own superintendence.

MAPPIN'S GUINEA DRESSING CASE, for Gentlemen. MAPPIN'S TWO-GUINEAS DRESSING CASE, in solid Leather. Ladies' TRAVELLING and DRESSING BAGS, from 2s. 1d. to 10s. each.

Gentlemen's do. do. from H. 1s. 2d. to 8s.

Ladies' MAPPIN invite inspection of their extensive Stock, which is complete with every variety of Style and Price.

A costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, forwarded by post on receipt of twelve stamps.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY, LONDON; Manufactury—QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

ALLEN'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of PATENT PORTMANTEAUS, with four Compartments; DESPATCH BOXES, WRITING and DRESSING CASES, TRAVELLING BAGS, with square opening; and 600 other Articles for travelling. By post for two stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN, Manufacturers of Portable BARRACK-ROOM FURNITURE and MILITARY OUTFITTERS. (See separate Catalogue.) 18 and 22, STRAND.

OLERS'S TABLE GLASS, CHANDELIER, LUSTRES, &c., 44, Oxford-street, London, conducted in connection with their Manufactory, Broad-street, Birmingham. Established 1807. Richly cut and engraved Decanters in great variety, Wine Glasses, Water Jugs, Goblets, and all kinds of Table Glass, at extremely low prices. Crystal Glass Chandeliers, of various designs for Gas, Oil, &c., up to 12 ft. A large stock of Foreign Ornamental Glass always on view. Export and Furnishing orders executed with despatch.

VICHY WATERS. **NATURAL MINERAL WATERS** of VICHY.—The VICHY WATERS COMPANY, to whom the French Government has granted the exclusive right of sale, both in France and Spain, and in England, sell the Waters of England in their genuine state; also, the Salts for Baths, extracted from the Vichy Waters; as well as the celebrated Vichy Digester Pastilles. The above can be procured at the Dépot of the Company, 27, Broad-street, Birmingham, and at all respectable Chemists and Druggists. H. THOMAS WATERS, which are sold at lower prices than 12s. per dozen Quarts and 2s. per dozen Pints, are not the natural Waters of Vichy, but artificial.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR **GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH**, SEE THAT YOU GET IT, AS INFERIOR KINDS ARE OFTEN SUBSTITUTED.

DURABILITY OF GUTTA PERCHA

TUBING.—Many inquiries having been made as to the Durability of Gutta Percha Tubing, the Gutta Percha Company have pleasure in giving publicity to the following letter.—From Mr. W. W. WYAN, Esq., V.P. of the W. W. W. Co., dated 2nd Second Testimonial.—"March 10th, 1858.—In reply to your letter, received this morning, respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Service, I can state, with much satisfaction, it answers perfectly. Many builders and others have had it examined, and there is no doubt it appears different since the first laying down, now several years; and I am informed that it is to be adopted generally in the houses that are being erected now. N.B. From this testimonial it will be seen that the CORROSIVE WATER of the ISLE OF WIGHT has no effect on Gutta Percha Tubing."

THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY, PATENTEES, 18, WHARF-ROAD, CITY-ROAD, LONDON.

CHUBB'S LOCKS, with all the RECENT IMPROVEMENTS; STRONG FIRE-PROOF SAFES, CASH and DEED BOXES.—Complete Lists of Sizes and Prices may be had on application.

CHUBB & SON, 97, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 28, Lord-street, Liverpool; 10, Market-street, Manchester; and Horley Fields, Wolverhampton.

COCOA-NUT FIBRE MATTING. TRELOAR'S IS THE BEST.

Prize Medals awarded—London, New York, and Paris. Catalogues, containing Prices and every particular, post free.

WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SOUTH AFRICAN PORT and SHERRY, 2s. a Dozen.

Very superior, 2s. a Dozen.

" Various houses are becoming famous for Cape Port and Sherry; foremost amongst these stands the firm of H. K. WILLIAMS.—Vide Court Journal, July 31, 1858.

" We have selected some samples of the wines imported from South Africa, by Mr. H. R. WILLIAMS. These have been carefully examined, and are found to be in a high degree satisfactory."—Vide Medical Circular, August 1, 1858.

Printed price lists, and the opinions, among others, of the Morning Chronicle, Naval and Military Gazette, John Bull, &c., forwarded on application.

H. R. WILLIAMS, Importer,
112, BISHOPS-GATE-STREET WITHIN, LONDON.

WINE NO LONGER AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

WELLER & HUGHES'S SOUTH AFRICAN WINES, CLASSIFIED AS PORT, SHERRY, MADEIRA, &c., 2s. per Dozen.

Pint Samples of either for Two Shillings.

SOUTH AFRICAN CLARET, 2s. per Dozen.

COLONIAL BRANDY, PALE or BROWN, 15s. per Gallon.

" We have tasted the Wines imported by Messrs. Weller & Hughes, and unhesitatingly recommend them to our constituents." Vide United Service Gazette, August 7th, 1858.

" The following extract from the same paper is very interesting: 'Wines have nothing to be desired,—indeed, they appear much finer than the ordinary foreign wines.'—Vide Morning Post, August 9, 1858.

Terms—Cash or Reference.

WELLER & HUGHES, Wholesale and Retail Dealers,

27, CRUTCHFRIARS, MARK-LANE, LONDON, E.C.

UNSOPHISTICATED GENEVA of the true Juniper flavour, and precisely as it runs from the Still, without water, sugar, or any other addition whatever. Import 1s. 10s. a gallon; 1s. 2d. in one-dozen cases; 2s. each, per bottle; and case included. Price—Currents by post.—HENRY BRETT & CO., Old Furnival's Distillery, Holborn.

PURE BRANDY, 16s. per Gallon.—Pale or Brown Eau-de-Vie, of exquisite flavour and great purity, identical indeed in every respect with those choice productions of the Cognac district, which are now difficult to procure at any price per gallon. Fine bottle and case included, 16s. per gallon.—HENRY BRETT & CO., Old Furnival's Distillery, Holborn.

WILL THIS Grade become universally used?

Its advantages over all others are as follows:—

1. It effects a saving of 40 per cent. in fuel.

2. It immediately warms an apartment than any other Grate, and requires much less attention.

3. It is a cure for a smoky chimney.

4. Unpleasant sweeping is almost entirely avoided.

An Illustrated Prospectus, with several hundred testimonials and references, forwarded on application.

Also,

STOVES for ENTRANCE HALLS, SCHOOLS, ROOMS, &c. of the most improved construction.

These Stoves are invaluable in the winter, for keeping continually—the fire requiring scarcely any attention, and the consumption of coal being exceedingly small.

Much suffering and many diseases resulting from dampness and variable temperature would be avoided by the use of these Stoves. Illustrated prospectus.

EDWARDS'S SON & CO. General Stove and Kitchen Range Manufacturers, 15, POLAND-STREET, Oxford-street, W. Manufacturers of Edwards's Smoke-Consuming Kitchen Ranges.

PRIZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1855.

METCALFE, BINGLEY & CO.'S New Patent and Penetrating Tooth Brushes, Improved Bleached Hair Brushes, Improved Flesh and Cloth Brushes, and genuine Smyrna Sponges; and every description of Brush, Comb, and Perfumery for the Toilet. The Tooth Brush manufactured thoroughly between the divisions of the Teeth and Cleaners, so as to remove the tartar and clean the teeth. Metcalfe, Bingley & Co. are sole makers of the Oatmeal and Camphor, and Orris Root Soaps, sold in tablets (bearing their names and address) at 6d. each; of Metcalfe's celebrated Alkaline Tooth Powder, 2s. per box; and of the New Bouquets.—Soe Establishment, 130a and 131, Oxford-street, Sud, and 3rd doors West from Holles-street, London.

PROTECTION FROM THE MORNING FROST.

"**FRIGI DOMO.**"—Patronized by Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Northumberland for Syden House, His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for Chatsworth, Professor Lindley for the Horticultural Society, Sir Joseph Paxton for the Crystal Palace, Royal Zoological Society, late Mrs. Lawrence, of Ealing Park, and Collier, Esq., of Dartford.

PROTECTION FROM THE MORNING FROST.

"**FRIGI DOMO.**"—A canvas made of patent prepared Hair and Wool, a perfect non-conductor of Heat and Cold, known wherever it is used, as a fire-proof covering, is a valuable article for domestic and agricultural purposes, for preserving Fruits and vegetables from the scorching rays of the sun, from wind, from attacks of insects, and from morning frosts. To be had in any required length, two yards wide, at 1s. 6d. per yard run, of

ELISHA THOMAS ARCHER, whole and sole manufacturer, 7, Trinity-lane, Cannon-street, City, and of all Nurserymen and Seedsmen throughout the kingdom.

"**IT IS MUCH CHEAPER THAN A COAT** as a covering."

From Sir Watkins W. Wyen's Gardener.

" I have just laid out about 14,000 plants, and keep the greater part under your 'Frigi Domo,' and have done so for the last three or four years; and every one who sees my plants is astonished to see how healthy and well they are without the use of glass." These observations accompanied an additional order.—Oct. 22, 1858.

DINNER, DESSERT, and TEA SERVICES.

A large variety of New and good Patterns. Best service, superior taste, unusually low prices. Also, every description of Cut Table Glass, equally advantageous.

THOMAS PEARCE & SON, 32, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S 'MOG-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by unani-
mous of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided, a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resistance is supplied by the MOG-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, which is placed so in case and close enough that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during exercise. A descent of course may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fall to fit) forwarded by post to the Manufacturer.

MR. WHITE, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c. allowed by unani-
mous of VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price 7s. 6d. to 1s. each; postage 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, Piccadilly, London.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA has been for many years mentioned by the most eminent of the Medical Profession as an excellent remedy for Acidity, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. As a mild aperient it is admirably adapted for delicate females, particularly during pregnancy; and prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion. Prepared with ACIDULATED MAGNESIA SYRUP, it forms an agreeable and efficacious.—Prepared by DINNEFORD & CO., Dispensing Chemists, and general Agents for the improved Horse-hair Gloves and Belts, 172, New Bond-street, London; and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the Empire.

S A MEDICINE long highly esteemed for its curative powers in cases of Indigestion, Sick Headache, Nervousness, and Affections of the Liver and Bowels. COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS cannot be too strongly recommended. As a mild aperient it is admirably adapted for delicate females, particularly during pregnancy; and prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion. Prepared with ACIDULATED MAGNESIA SYRUP, it forms an agreeable and efficacious.—Prepared by DINNEFORD & CO., Dispensing Chemists, and general Agents for the improved Horse-hair Gloves and Belts, 172, New Bond-street, London; and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the Empire.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR, WHISKERS, &c.? If so, use MISS COUPPELLE'S CRINULATOR, which is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Moustaches, &c., in a few weeks, and render the Hair in balance, which when unbalanced, grows in falling in, lengthening, Widening, and effectually check Greyness in all its stages. If used in the nursery, it will avail Baldness in after-life. Sold by all Chemists, price 2s., or will be sent post free, on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, or a few sovereigns. Miss COUPPELLE, 10, Broad-street, London.

Testimonials.—" I have ordered it in cases in hundreds of cases with success." Dr. Walsh.—" I have sold it for eleven years, and have never heard a complaint of it." Mr. Sanger, Chemist.—" My hair is quite restored." A. James, Esq.—" After nine years' baldness, its effects are miraculous." W. M. Mason.

KNOW THYSELF.—MARIE COUPPELLE continues her vivid and interesting delineations of character from an examination of the handwriting of individuals, in a style never before attempted in England. Persons desirous of knowing their true character, or those of any friend, must inclose a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, with 14 penny postage stamps, and send it to MARIE COUPPELLE, 10, Broad-street, London, and they will receive post free a full detail of the gifts, defects, talents, tastes, affections, &c., of the writer, with many other things calculated to be useful through life.—From F. N. Smith, Esq., 1, Arundel-street, Mayfair, W.C. " Your sketch of my character is remarkably correct." H. W. " Your sketch of my character is marvellously correct." Miss F. " Mama says the character you sent me is a true one." W. N. " You have described him very accurately."

KNOW THYSELF.—KATE RUSSELL continues to give her vivid delineations of character from an examination of the handwriting, in a style never before attempted in England. Persons desirous of knowing their true character, or those of any friend, must inclose a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, with 14 penny postage stamps, and send it to KATE RUSSELL, 1, Arundel-street, Mayfair, W.C. " Your sketch of my character is very good." H. W. " Your sketch of my character is remarkably correct." Miss F. " Mama says the character you sent me is a true one." W. N. " You have described him very accurately."

RUPTURES EFFECTUALLY CURED WITHOUT A TRUSS. Dr. Thomson's celebrated remedy has been successful in thousands of cases, and is applicable to every variety of single or double rupture in both sexes, whether bad or long standing, making perfect and permanent the cure without an operation, thus sparing the further use of trusses unnecessary. Persons in any part of the world can have the remedy sent to them post free, with simple instructions for use, on receipt of 10s. postage stamps, or a post-office money-order at 10s. post free. Dr. THOMSON, 15, Poland-street, Clerkenwell-road, Kentish Town, London.—A Treatise on the Nature, Causes, and Symptoms of every kind of Hernia, with a large selection of Testimonials from patients cured, sent free by post for 4 penny postage stamps.

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND NERVOUS MIND and HEAD SUFFERERS (from Noblemen to Mechanics), after trying all advertised and other remedies without success, have resorted to this simple and safe remedy.

Dr. WILLIS MOSELEY, 18, Bloomsbury-street, Bedford-square, London, and fifty are not known to be uncur'd. Means of cure only to be paid for, and a relapse prevented for life.

Non Operative (a simple bath of warm water) is the only safe and effective remedy if once stings are sent for this site. Twelve Chapters on the only Means of Curing Nerves or Mind Complaints. " The best book on nervousness in our language." —Professor Savage, Surgeon.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DIARRHOEA AND DISENTERY, &c. These disagreeable and dangerous disorders should never be neglected, for the sooner the remedy is taken the more easily are these disorders checked and subdued. These incomparable Pills, if taken early, exercise an extraordinary influence on the system. They at once remove all obstructions, and improve the tone of the stomach. The printed directions for their use, affixed to each box, should be carefully attended to, because, in these disorders especially, the quantity of medicine taken, and the proper time and mode of its administration, are of great importance. With a due attention to these instructions, the cure is certain.